CHRISTY'S

PLANTATION MELODIES

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CHRISTY'S PLANTATION MELODIES.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF

E. P. CHRISTY,

AUTHOR OF "LUCY LONG," "YALLER GALS," "OH, MR. COON," "LUCY NEAL," "SNOW DROP ANN," "THE NEGRO GENERAL," "FAREWELL LADIES," &C. &C. &C.

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Christies Plantation Melo

MOITATMAJ9

Christy Melodies

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CHRISTY'S

PLANTATION MELODIES.

Alex Kennedy Allegany

Old Folks at Home. Foster

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Way down upon the Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus. All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebry where I roam;
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

Chorus. All de world am sad and dreary, &c.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

Chorus. All de world am sad and dreary, &c.

"Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'long." Foster,

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Oh! carry me 'long;
Der's no more trouble for me
I's guine to roam
In a happy home,
Where all de niggas am free.
I've worked long in de fields —
I've handled many a hoe;
I'll turn my eye,
Before I die,
And see de sugar-cane grow

Chorus. Oh! boys, carry me 'long;
Carry me till I die:
Carry me down
To de buryin' groun'.
Massa, don't you cry.

All ober de land
I've wander'd many a day,

To blow de horn
And mind de corn,
  And keep de possum away.
No use for me now —
  So, darkeys, bury me low:
My horn is dry,
And I must lie
  Wha de possum nebber can go.

Chorus. Oh! boys, carry me 'long, &c.

Farewell to de boys,
  Wid hearts so happy and light;
Dey sing a song
De whole day long,
  And dance de juba at night.
Farewell to de fields
  Of cotton, 'bacco, and all:
I'se guine to hoe
In a bressed row,
  Wha de corn grows mellow and tall.

Chorus. Oh! boys, carry me 'long, &c

Farewell to de hills,
  De meadows covered wid green,
Old brindle boss
And de old grey hoss —
  All beaten, broken, and lean.
Farewell to de dog
  Dat always followed me round;
Old Sancho'll wail
And droop his tail,
  When I am under de ground.

Chorus. Oh! boys, carry me 'long, &c.

Nelly Bly.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de broom along;
We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, and hab a
little song.
Poke de wood, my lady lub, and make de fire burn;
And, while I take de banjo down, just gib de mush
a turn.

Chorus.

Heigh! Nelly, ho! Nelly, listen lub to me;
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like de turtle-dove,
I hears it in de meadow and I hears it in de grove;
Nelly Bly hab a heart warm as cup of tea,
And bigger dan de sweet potato down in Tennessee

Chorus. Heigh! Nelly, ho! &c.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
When she wakens up again her eye-balls gin to peep;
De way she walks, she lifts her foot, and den she
brings it down,
And when it lights der's music dah in dat part ob
de town.

Chorus. Heigh! Nelly, ho! &c.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! nebber, nebber sigh
Nebber bring de tear-drop to de corner ob your eye;
For de pie is made ob punkins, and de mush is made
ob corn,
And der's corn and punkins plenty lub, a lyin' in de
barn.

Chorus. Heigh! Nelly, ho! &c.

Way Down in Ca-i-ro.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Oh! ladies, don't you blush, when I come out to play;
I only mean to please you all, and den I's guine
away.

Chorus.

I hear my true lub weep, I hear my true lub sigh,
Way down in Ca-i-ro dis nigga's guine to die.

Sometimes de nigga's life is sad, sometimes his life
is gay;
When de work don't come too hard, he's singin' all
de day.

Chorus. I hear my true lub weep, &c.

Now we libs on de fat ob de land, now we libs on
de lean;
When we hab no cake to bake, we sweep de kitchen
clean.

Chorus. I hear my true lub weep, &c.

Massa bought a bran new coat and hung it on de
wall;
Dis nigga's guine to take dat coat, and wear it to de
ball.

Chorus. I hear my true lub weep, &c.

All de ladies in de land, and all de gemmen too,
Are gone to hear de darkey band and see what dey
can do.

Chorus. I hear my true lub weep.

Dolcy Jones.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Oh! ladies, don't you wonder,
When I again appear:
I've just been ober yonder,
To see my Dolcy dear;
For Dolcy steps so lightly
Among de bricks and stones,
Her eyes dey shine so brightly,
Oh! dadda, D' D' Dolcy Jones!

Chorus. Bye, bye, my darling!
Sleep to de rattle ob de bones;
Slumber till morning,
My lubly Dolcy Jones!

Oh! when I go a-courting,
I ride thro' mud and rain;
I leabe de old hoss snorting
At de corner ob de lane,
I find my Dolcy weeping,
And charm her wid de bones
Bye'n bye I leabe her sleeping,
Oh! dadda, D' D' Dolcy Jones!

Chorus. Bye, bye, my darling! &c.

I went up town dis morning,
To sing a little song;
Miss Dolcy sent me warning,
To bring my boots along;
For de yard is paved wid cinder,
And de house is built ob stones,
And a head is at de window,
Oh! dadda, D' D' Dolcy Jones!

Chorus. Bye, bye, my darling! &c.

Ring, Ring de Banjo!

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York

De time is nebber dreary
If the darkey nebber groans;
De ladies nebber weary
Wid de rattle ob de bones:
Den come again, Susanna,
By de gas-light ob de moon:
We'll tum de old piano,
When de banjo's out ob tune.

Chorus. Ring, ring de banjo!
I like dat good old song!
Come again, my true lub,
Oh! wha you been so long?

Oh! nebber count de bubbles
While dere's water in de spring:
De darkey hab no troubles
While he's got dis song to sing
De beauties ob creation
Will nebber lose der charm,
While I roam de old plantation
Wid my true lub on my arm

Chorus. Ring, ring de banjo, &c.

Once I was so lucky,
My massa set me free,
I went to old Kentucky,
To see what I could see·
I could not go no farder,
I turn to massa's door,
I lub him all de harder,
I'll go away no more.

Chorus. Ring, ring de banjo, &c.

Early in de morning
  Ob a lubly summer day,
My massa send me warning
  He'd like to hear me play.
On de banjo tapping,
  I come wid dulcem strain;
Massa fall a napping—
  He'll nebber wake again.

Chorus. Ring, ring de banjo, &c.

My lub, I'll hab to leab you
  While de ribber's running high;
But I nebber can deceibe you—
  So don't you wipe your eye.
I's guine to make some money;
  But I'll come anodder day—
I'll come again, my honey,
  If I hab to work my way.

Chorus. Ring, ring de banjo, &c.

My Brodder Gum.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

White folks, I'll sing for you,
  Nuffin else to do;
Spend my time a pickin on de banjo—
  Hay! Brodder Gum.

Chorus. My Brodder Gum,
  My Brodder Gum so fair,
All de yaller galls runnin round,
  Try to get a lock ob his hair.

Hard work all de day,
Hab no time to play;
Berry fine time a diggin in de cornfield—
Hay! Brodder Gum.

Chorus. My Brodder Gum, &c.

T'udder arternoon,
I thought I saw de moon:
Saw my true lub comin through the canebrake—
Hay! Brodder Gum.

Chorus. My Brodder Gum, &c.

Went, one berry fine day,
To ride in a one-horse sleigh;
Hollo'd to de old hoss comin through de toll-gate—
Hay! Brodder Gum.

Chorus. My Brodder Gum, &c.

Foster

Camptown Races, or Gwine to Run All Night.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by F. D. Benteen, Baltimore, Md.

De Camptown ladies sing dis song—Doo-dah, doo dah!
De Camptown race-track five miles long—Oh, doo dah-day!
I come down dah wid my hat caved in—Doo-dah, doo-dah!
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin—Oh, doo-dah-day!

Chorus. Gwine to run all night!
Gwine to run all day!

I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag—
Somebo-dy bet on de bay.
Bet my money on de bob-tail nag—
Somebo-dy bet on de bay.

De long-tail filly and de big black hoss — Doo-dah, doo-dah!
Dey fly de track, and dey both cut across — Oh, doo-dah-day!
De blind hoss sticken in a big mud-hole — Doo-dah, doo-dah!
Can't touch bottom wid a ten-foot pole — Oh, doo-dah-day!

Chorus. Gwine to run all night! &c.

Old muley cow come on to de track — Doo-dah, doo-dah!
De bob-tail fling her ober his back — Oh, doo-dah-day!
Den fly along like a rail-road car — Doo-dah, doo-dah!
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star — Oh, doo-dah-day!

Chorus. Gwine to run all night! &c.

See dem flyin on a ten-mile heat — Doo-dah, doo-dah!
Round de race-track, den repeat — Oh, doo-dah-day!
I win my money on de bob-tail nag — Doo-dah, doo-dah!
I keep my money in an old tow-bag — Oh, doo-dah-day!

Chorus. Gwine to run all night! &c.

De Days when I was Young.

I'm getting old and feeble now;
Dis hair am turnin grey;
I cannot work, as once I did,
Upon each sunny day.
De corn I used in pride to hoe—
I planted it myself—
Some younger nigga now must raise,
For I'm laid on de shelf.

Chorus. Den gadder round ye darkey crew—
The tale I oft have sung
I'll sing again—again to you,
Ob days when I was young.

De morn ob life was full ob joy;
I climb'd de ole gum-tree,
Or listen'd to de oft-told tales,
Beside my mudder's knee.
I chased de coon; I poled de raft;
De possum was my prize—
A smile den wreathed my fader's lips,
Dough tears war in his eyes.

Chorus. Den gadder round, &c.

I loved a color'd gal, and she
Was bound to me tro' life;
And round my fire were gadder'd soon
My children and my wife.
But Def, alas! come dar, and took
De ones I lub de best;
And leff no tie to comfort me,
Or calm my aching breast.

Chorus. Den gadder round, &c.

Now years have past—my youth am gone;
My eyes are bathed in tears,
And nuffin's left dis nig on earth,
But memory of past years.
Old massa promised me to-day,
Dat when I fail'd, and died,
He'd lay me, wife, and little ones,
In one grave, side by side.

Chorus. Den gadder round, ye darkey crew,
De tale I oft have sung
No more will meet your list'ning ears,
Of days when I was young.

Greeting to a Merry Key—Not Jenny Lind's.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Let's sing, to a merry key,
Of the banner that waves aloft
O'er the home of the brave and free.

The darkey may sing at his work,
Or dance at de close ob de day;
Wid de fiddle or banjo and bones,
Drive every sharp sorrow away.
He may lay in de shade ob de trees,
And snooze, and be dreamin ob bliss.
Den talk not ob far distant lands,
For none can be equal to dis.

Chorus. Hurrah, &c.

De stars dat shine ober our heads
Are transposed to our banner so bright,
And diffuse o'er our broad happy land
Their purest and steadiest light;

And under their influence meet
De buckra and darkey so gay;
And when our tunes fall on your ears.
Your care is all driven away.

Chorus. Hurrah, &c.

There is room for all who will come;
The alien can here rest in peace;
And the one who has suffer'd the most,
Will find all his sufferings cease.
And talent and virtue may come,
Borne here by the favouring sails,
And listen, as oft as they please,
To this great band ob dark nightingales.

Chorus. Hurrah, &c.

Old Aunty Brown.

Old aunty Brown is feeble now,
Her hair is thin and grey,
It wanders o'er her wrinkled brow,
And there she lets it lay;
She cannot knit, she cannot read,
Nor dare she ever sew,—
Yet she could do them, oh! how well,
Some fifty years ago.

Her husband, he is dead and still;
Yet he was very old;
Before he died he made his will,
And left her all his gold.
She has no son to break her heart,
Nor daughter vain to feed,

Yet one by one her days depart,
Unknown to care or need.

The paint is all worn off the chair
That she has had so long;
She bought it at an orphan's fair,
When she was young and strong.
She used to think the most of it,—
That good old chair of yore:
In it she sewed — in it she knit,
And read her Bible o'er.

Medley Song.

As a sensitive coon lay sleeping one day,
The sound of a wood-cutter's hatchet he heard;
So he jumped on a stump, to see what was to pay,
And thus did he sing,—aye, he sung like a bird,—
Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me,
And I 'll stick to it now.

Hard by, in a pine, sat a sober old owl,
A fanning himself by the cold western breezes;
And he wore on his features a horrible scowl,
As he sung to the zephyrs that swept through the treeses:
Blow! O blow! ye gentle breezes,
All among the flowers and treezes,
Till you give my blood the freezes.

A skunk and a 'possum then met,
And they shook hands and kissed, and most lovingly clung,

For they'd vowed years ago that they ne'er would forget
One another through life; so they struck up and sung—
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
In the days o' auld lang syne?

A fox leaped out of a thicket and played
With his brush for awhile, in a transport of glee;
Then thoughtfully walked to a green forest glade,
When he sat himself down, and most sweetly sang he—
Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
Fond memory brings a sight
Of nice fat geese around me.

The fox, skunk and 'possum, the owl and the coon,
In concert all joined to the tune of "Mool Brooks,"
The stars cried "encore!" and the bright silver moon
Grew brighter and brighter, as they sung without books—
We'll not go home till morning,
We'll not go home till morning,
We'll not go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.

De last ob de Cabbages.

'Tis de last ob de cabbages,
Left standin' alone;
Every bean-bush and 'tater-vine
Am faded and gone.

Not a collard is standin',
  Each squash-vine am fell,
Nor reflect her soft blushes,
  Nor give smell for smell!

I'll not leave thee, lone cabbage,
  To die on the stem,
Since I've eat all the others,
  I'll do you like dem:
So kindly I pull off
  The leaves from the stalk,
Since your mates ob de garden
  Am now stems, white like chalk!

So quick may I follow,
  If Dinah should die!
And her eyes shut forebber,
  How dis poor darkey 'd cry!
When banjos am broken,
  And collards all gone,
Oh! who den would lib in
  Dis black world alone?

Julius from Kentucky.

Come listen to me, while I sing
  To you my little ditty,
Of what this darkey did to bring
  Himself into your city.
And glad am I now to appear,
  And deem the 'casion lucky,
For 'tis not often that you hear
  This Julius from Kentucky.

Chorus. Oh! Kentucky—it is the land for me,
And surely I'll go there again,
When colored men are free.

'Twas there I used the hoe and spade
To raise the corn and beans,
Bacon and 'bacco too we made,
To go to New Orleans.
And master took me to the boat,
A chance to me so lucky,
For on the river all must tote
Their plunder from Kentucky.

Chorus. Oh! Kentucky, &c.

In New Orleans they shut me in,
With hundred more they say,
Some black, some white, some large, some thin,
To sell 'em all next day.
I climb the barrel—jump the gate,
And 'scape the guard so lucky;
I go from there to New York State,
And master to Kentucky.

Chorus. Oh! Kentucky, &c.

I'm sorry now for master's loss,
And none could feel it greater,
For master he was half a horse,
And half an alligator.
And now I join the Christy band,
The first, and the most lucky
Of all the darkies in the land,
From Orleans or Kentucky.

Chorus. Oh! Kentucky, &c.

Rosa Bell.

Darkies, listen while I tell, Ou, &c.
Of my love for Rosa Bell, Ou, &c.
Of dat lubly yaller gal,
How dem niggers lubb'd her all,
But on me her 'fections fell—
My dearest Rosa Bell.

Chorus Darkies, &c.

She said she lubb'd me dear as life, Ou, &c.
She promised she would be my wife, Ou, &c.
But massa he did send me far—
He said that we should lub no more;
And, Oh! he did my Rosa sell—
My poor Rosa Bell.

Chorus. Darkies, &c.

She pined for many a dreary day, Ou, &c.
And massa then said I might stay, Ou, &c.
But her heart was broke—they could not save
My Rosa from the cold, cold grave;
And soon the solemn sounding knell
Was tolling for poor Bell.

Chorus. Darkies, &c.

Parody—"On Old Long Island's Sea-girt Shore."

Down in Warginny's lubly State,
Whar fust dis child did see de sun,
Dar libs a gal wid beauty great—
O, she's de charm ob ebery one!

Her eyes shine like de new tin-pan;
Her voice am like de bugle-horn,
And louder than a full brass-ban'—
She wakes de sun up ebery morn!
Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo-ah, hoo-ah!

Chorus. Down in Warginny's lubly State,
Whar fust dis child did see de sun,
Dar libs a gal wid beauty great—
She takes de shine from ebery one!

And when her sweet mouf opens wide
She neber cuts de buckwheat cake,
But lets it in de openin slide,
And drowns it in a 'lasses lake!
And den she has a heart to feel—
Dese eyes hab often seed her cry;
She lubs a sentimental heel—
When dis child danced she'd always sigh!
Hoo, hoo, &c.

Chorus. Down in Warginny's, &c

Her name am Dinah-Anna Crow;
She blubbered when I run from home
I've *writ* to her, to let her know
Dat I am here—she soon will come!
Yah! den how happy I shall be
When folded in her lubly arms!
No coloured person dat I see
Will eber own sich shinin charms!
Hoo, hoo, &c.

Chorus. Down in Warginny's, &c.

Jane Monroe.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Wm. Hall & Son, New York.

When I lived in Louisiana, not many years ago,
I fell in lub wid a charming gal — her name was
Jane Monroe;
Her eyes were bright as diamonds, her teeth were
white as snow—
De prettiest gal I ever saw was charming Jane
Monroe.

Chorus. But now she is far, far away,
And I hear from her ebery day;
But if she was here,
She'd have nothing to fear,
For the darkies all love her so gay.

The darkey traders came one day and buy my gal
from me,
And left me all alone to mourn beneath the cypress
tree;
It fill'd my heart wid grief and pain to think she
had to go;
Still I live in hopes to meet again my charming Jane
Monroe.

Chorus. But now she is far, far away, &c.

Nelly was a Lady.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Down on de Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabble on de way
All night de cotton-wood a toting,
Sing for my true lub all de day.

Chorus and Repeat. Nelly was a lady,
Last night she died;
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping,
Can't tote de cotton-wood no more;
Last night, while Nelly was a sleeping,
Death came a knocking at de door.

Chorus and Repeat. Nelly was a lady, &c.

When I saw my Nelly in de morning
Smile till she opened up her eyes,
Seem'd like de light ob day a dawning,
Jist 'fore de sun begin to rise.

Chorus and Repeat. Nelly was a lady, &c.

Close by de margin ob de water,
Whar de lone weeping willow grows,
Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter,
Dar she in death may find repose.

Chorus and Repeat. Nelly was a lady, &c.

Down in de meadow 'mong de clober,
Walk wid my Nelly by my side;
Now all dem happy days am ober,—
Farewell, my dark Virginny bride.

Chorus and Repeat. Nelly was a lady, &c.

Julius' Bride.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Wm. Vanderbeck, New York.

When I liv'd 'way down in ole Virginny,
I bought a colored gal for a guinea;
By de rollin' ob her eye, if you chance to pass her by,
It would cause your heart to palpitate—gib up de ghost—an' die!

Ch. Den I warn all you darkies not to lub her,
If you do, she will cause you to blub-ber!
So git out ob de way, an' remember what I say—
Ise gwan to marry her myself some very fine day!

But now she's gwan for to leave me!—
If she does, she will cruelly deceibe me!—
But to win her I will try, by de winkin' ob de eye;
If she don't consent to marry, I will go away an' cry!
But I know dat she will not deceibe me,
An' she is not a goin' for to leabe me;
So to hab a little fun, for de banjo I will run,
An' I'll play dat merry tune — "Jenny, get your hoe-cake done!"

Ch. Den I warn all you darkies, &c.

One night when de moon war a beamin',
I lay fast asleep a dreamin'
Dat de sun was shinin' bright in de middle ob de night,
An' de darkies had collected for to hab a little fight.
When I 'woke, O, de banjo was soundin'!
De bones thro' de air was a boundin'!
But how pleasant it did seem! I was married—in a dream—
In de floatin' scow Virginia, on de Mississippi stream!

Ch. Den I warn all you darkies, &c.

Ginger's Wedding.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Jaques & Brother, New York

Oh, pleasant de song dat I sing,
And well I remember de day,
When de little church bells dey did ring,
And de darkies were done making hay;
When de birds were at rest,
And lay snug in their nest,
And de clouds dey look'd pleasant and clear;
Sweet Rosa was happy indeed,
When to church she and Ginger did steer.

Chorus. When de birds were at rest, &c.

Dey were going to be married dat day,
And de darkies were all to be dere;
(In de little log church by de way,)
Wid de colored gals looking so fair.
Den lock'd arm in arm,
For fear of some harm,
Dis couple went skipping along,
And Rosa felt happy dat day,
As she sang dat sweet nightingale song.

Chorus. Den lock'd arm in arm, &c.

Shall I eber forget it indeed,
How happy de darkies did look,
When de parson he den did proceed,
By perusing de highmonial book.
Den he asked lubly Rosa
If wedded she'd be,
And take Ginger for better or wuss;
Wid a tear and a sigh she said, "Yes;"
Den Ginger gib Rosa a buss!

Chorus. Den he asked, &c.

Mary Blane.

NEW VERSION.

Oh! once I loved a yellow ga.,
  I loved her as my life;
She came from old Virginia,
  And I took her for my wife.
We happy lived together,
  She never caused me pain;
But on one cold and stormy night
  I lost my Mary Blane.

Chorus. Farewell! farewell! poor Mary Blane;
One faithful heart still thinks of you.
Farewell! farewell! poor Mary Blane,
Tho' we ne'er shall meet again.

I've nothing left to live for now,
  I'm weary of my life;
Then take and lay me gently by
  My poor heart-broken wife.
I wander sadly through the world,
  But find my sorrow's vain;
These tears can never bring to me
  My darling Mary Blane.

Chorus. Farewell! farewell! poor Mary Blane, &c.

I buried her at dead of night,
  'Neath the persimmon tree;
De snow was falling thick and white
  On her dear grave and me,
And often since in dreams I see
  Her well-known form again,
As when I laid her in de grave,
  And wept o'er Mary Blane.

Chorus. Farewell! farewell! poor Mary Blane, &c

Then raise no tomb-stone on de place,
But lay me by her side;
The best, the kindest of her race—
My faithful, constant bride.
I'm ready now to leave this life,
To join her once again,
Beneath the old persimmon tree,
Where sleeps my Mary Blane,

Chorus Farewell! farewell! poor Mary Blane, &c.

Witching Dinah Crow.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Wm. Vanderbeck, New York.

Now, darkies, I will tell you
Ob a most unlucky fate,
Dat happen'd to a color'd gal
From ole Kentucky State:
De subject of my story
Is about one Dinah Crow,
Who was drown'd, and den found dead,
In de ribber O-hi-o!

Chorus. Oh, witching Dinah Crow!
Oh, witching Dinah Crow!
Who was drown'd, and den found dead,
In de ribber O-hi-o!

On a bery cloudy morning,
When the wind war radder high,
Oh, stormy war de wedder,
And rainy war de sky!

She got aboard de horse-boat,
To cross de O-hi-o,
But fell into de ribber!—
Poor, unlucky Dinah Crow!

Chorus. Oh, witching Dinah Crow, &c.

De darkies all did mourn her loss—
"They'd neber see her more!"
They got a cotton handkerchief
Dat floated on de shore!
They held an inquest on the body,
About the poor gal's death:
The verdict of the jury war,
She drown'd—for want of breath!

Chorus. Oh, witching Dinah Crow, &c.

Nancy Tease.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Wm. Vanderbeck, New York.

How is you white folks, one and all?
I'm glad to see you well;
I've come to live wid you dis fall—
It is de truth I tell.
Wid heart and soul I'll try to please—
It is my only joy;
I'll tell you of one Nancy Tease—
She call'd me handsome boy.

Chorus Oh, Nancy! oh, Nancy!
She was my soul's delight!
Her voice was like de whip-poor-will—
Her eyes dey sparkled bright!

Miss Nancy she was berry gay,
  And sprightly as de 'coon;
She kotch a weasel fast asleep,
  A ridin on de moon!
And when de day war drawin near,
  De stars did go to rest;
She sleep awake all night wid fear—
  Her mind war decompress'd!

Chorus. Oh, Nancy, &c

I hab a mind to circulate
  A wedding dar will be;
And if I do, I speculate,
  My Nancy I shall see:
And when I marry Nancy Tease,
  I'll introduce you all;
We'll kick up such a merry spree,
  And gib a fancy ball!

Chorus. Oh, Nancy, &c.

PARODY ON

The Phantom Chorus.

(*From the Opera of "La Sonnambula."*)

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by C. Holt, Jr., New York.

Look yar, sir! As slowly comes de night,
Den dese poor darkies am almost freezed wid fright
'Tis true, indeed, sar—'tis true, indeed, sar!
'Tis de debil, or some buggaboo, dat goes about at night!
What's dat, sir? Look yar! Hold yer jaw! Just listen!

Spoken. Go ahead, den!

When work am done, sar, den home we run, sar,
For fear dis debil might be uncibil!
We all shake so, sar, from top to toe, sar,
Oh, we fear he'll come wid horns and tail — wid horns an' tail!

From ole Virginny each piccaninny, wid very long face on, wid prespiration,
Dar wool am dripping, as home dar skipping—
Afraid to poke dar noses in de dark, sar. I'll go bail,
'Tis some old cow, sar, or big bow-wow, sar!
It arn't de debil, for he's below —
For Ginger seen him, an' dat we know!
Yes, dat I'll swear!
Oh, dear! oh, dear me! I tink he's near me,
Whene'er de dog bark, an' 'tis at all dark!
Our teeth dey chatter wid such a clatter,
Dat you'd tink five pair of castanets was being play'd!
Wid nose on ground, sar, a snuffing round, sar,
Our ole dog Towler begins to howl, sar;
'Tis den wid fright, sar, we all turn white, sar,
You'd tink each darkey in his shroud had just been laid!
Oh, dear me! *dat's* him, I know!
Oh, gracious, he's coming now!

Fi - Hi - Hi!

THE BLACK SHAKER'S SONG.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Bress dat lubly yaller gal
De white folks call Miss Dinah;
Oh! pity me, ye Shakers all,
And tell me where I'll find her;

She's gone away to Leb'non State,
To hoe de corn and bake de cake;
Massa says it is too late,
Let her go to Leb'non State.

Chorus. Fi, hi, hi, lum I dum diddle lum,
Fi, hi, hi, ri tiddle lum i dum,
Fi, hi, hi.

And since she's gone and left me,
I don't know what I'll do;
I'll buy a rope and drown myself:
Dat make her mad, I know.
She's gone away to Leb'non State,
To hoe de corn and bake de cake;
And massa says it is too late:
Let her go to Leb'non State.

Chorus. Fi, hi, hi, &c.

Katy Dean.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Wm. Hall & Son, New York.

I'm deep in lub wid a color'd gal dat come from Tennessee,
I dont know, but I guess she lubs a color'd man like me;
De fust time dat I saw her she was walking on de green,
A darkie dat was wid me says, "Dar goes Miss Katy Dean."

Chorus. Oh! Katy, oh! Katy, I bid you now farewell,
If ever we should meet again, a story I will tell. (*Repeat.*)

Her eyes beam'd bright as gold-dust, and her teeth
as white as snow,
And when she rais'd her voice to sing 'twas sweeter
than de crow;
And in her lemonading waltz dat lubly form was
seen,
My fascinating heart did burn for pretty Katy Dean.

Chorus Oh! Katy, oh! Katy, &c.

Miss Katy's in Virginia now, as happy as can be,
But bery soon she's coming back to lib in Tennessee;
And when she does come back again we'll go upon
de green,
And you will see a wedding wid myself and Katy
Dean.

Chorus. Oh! Katy, oh! Katy, &c.

Uncle Ned. Foster

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by W. C. Peters, Louisville and Cincinnati.

I once knew a darkey, and his name was Uncle Ned,
O, he died long ago,—long ago;
He had no wool on the top of his head,
The place whar de wool ought to grow.

Chorus. Lay down the shovel and the hoe;
Hang up the fiddle and the bow;
Fo' no more work for poor old Ned,
He's gone where the good darkies go.

His fingers were long like the cane in the brake,
  And he had no eyes for to see;
He had no teeth for to eat de hoe-cake,
  So he had to let the hoe-cake be.

Chorus. Then lay down, &c.

One cold frosty morning old Ned died,
  Oh, the tears down massa's face run like rain;
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground,
  He'd neber see his like again.

Chorus. Then lay down, &c.

Old Uncle Edward.

There formerly might have been seen an aged colored individual,
Whose cognomen was uncle Edward;
He departed this life some time since, some time since;
And he had no capillary substance on the summit of his cranium,
On the place designed by nature for the capillary to vegetate.

Chorus.

Then lay down the agricultural implements,
Allow the violin and the bow to be pendent on the wall,—
For there is no more physical energy to be displayed
By indigent aged Edward;
For he has departed to the abode designated by a kind Providence for all pious, humane, and benevolent colored individuals.

Uncle Edward had digits equal in longitude to the
Bamboo formation which springs so spontaneously on
the bank of the southern Mississippi,
And he had no oculars with which to observe
The beauties of nature;
And he had no dental formations with which to
Masticate the Indian meal cake,
Consequently he was forced to permit the
Indian meal cake to pass by with impunity.

Chorus. Then lay down, &c.

When uncle Ned relinquished his hold on vitality,
His master was exceedingly grieved,
And the lachrymal poured down his cheeks similar
to the rain from heaven,
For he knew that the old man was laid beneath
terra firma, terra firma.
He would never have the pleasure of beholding the
physiognomy of the aged Edward any more.

Chorus. Then lay down, &c.

Gone to Alabama.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Jaques & Brother, New York.

Lor' bless dat lubly yaller gal,
De white folks call her Dinah;
She's gone and left me,
And I don't know where to find her.
Lor' bless dat lubly yaller gal,
De white folks call her Dinah;
Take pity on me, darkies all,
And tell me where to find her.

2d voice. She's gone, and she's left you,
For fear dat you'd harm her,
She's gone away forebber,
For she's gone,—(*1st voice,*) Whar?

Chorus. To Alabama.
Now she's gone and she's left you,
Because you war brack hearted;
You nebber more will see her,
For she's gone,—Whar?
To Alabama.

Her eyes, dey shine like diamonds
Her lips are red as coral;
She used to live on mush and milk,
We nebber had a quarrel;
Her voice was like de jay bird,
'Twas sweet as any honey;
At dancing she could beat dem all,
For any kind of money.

2d voice. But she's gone, and she's left you,
She had n't time to tell you;
She went wid her brudder Samuel,
But she's gone,—(*1st voice,*) Whar?

Chorus. To Alabama.
Now she's gone, &c.

If ebber I meet dat gal again,
Der's one ting I will tell her,
She mus'nt fool her time wid me.
But get some udder feller:
For I am one ob dat ere sort,
Best kind ob lookin' nigger
Plenty gals down in de south
Admire dis darkey's figure

Chorus Now she's gone, &c.

Emma Snow.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment published by Wm. Hall & Son, New York

Way down in Alabama,
Not very long ago,
I knew a yellow charmer,
And her name was Emma Snow;
Her eyes was bright as diamonds,
And her teeth was perly white,
Dey glisned in de darkness,
As the stars do in the night.

Chorus. But that happy time is over,
I've only grief and pain;
For I shall never, never see
My Emma dear again.

We used to go out early
To hoe de sugar cane,
The time did pass so cherily
When Emma Snow was seen;
She trabled wid us daily,
And oft would tell her name;
And we danced and sung so gaily
To the banjo's sweetest strain.

Chorus. But that happy time is over, &c.

Now that happy time hath sorrow,
The day is turn'd to night;
I lost my dearest Emma
By the poison adder's bite.
We miss'd her in de evening,
And we hunted far and wide,
And we found her in the meadows,
Whar she sicken'd and she died.

Chorus. But that happy time is over, &c.

Gum Tree Canoe.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by G. P. Reed & Co., Boston.

On Tombigbee river, so bright, I was born,
In a hut made ob husks ob de tall yaller corn;
An' dar I first met wid my Jula so true,
An' I row'd her about in my Gum-tree canoe.

Chorus. Singing row away, row,
O'er de waters so blue,
Like a feather we'll float,
In my Gum-tree canoe.

All de day in de field de soft cotton I hoe,
I think of my Jula, an' sing as I go;
Oh, I catch her a bird wid a wing ob true blue,
An' at night sail her round in my Gum-tree canoe.

Chorus. Singing row away, row, &c.

Wid my hands on de banjo, and toe on de oar,
I sing to de sound ob de riber's soft roar;
While de stars dey look down on my Jula so true,
An' dance in her eye in my Gum-tree canoe.

Chorus. Singing row away, row, &c.

At one night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd jis stay,
Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An' it took us in tow wid my Gum-tree canoe.

Chorus. Singing row away, row, &c.

The Virginia Rose-Bud; or, The Lost Child.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

I had a bud,—'twas in my garden growing—
  A slip I nourished with a father's care;
When other darkies round that plant were hoeing.
  A fragrant zephyr seemed to fill the air.
Oh! how I've watched that little plant while creeping
  She, like her mother, all was blithe and gay—
One night I left her on her pallet sleeping,
  And in the morning she was stole away.
One night I left her on her pallet sleeping,
  And in the morning she was stole away.

Chorus Repeat. { They stole—they stole—they stole my child away!

Solo. { Oh! hear me now calling,—hear me, I pray,
My heart, my heart is breaking
For my child—for my child they've stole away

Solo—for Tyrolean echo.

Full Chorus and Repeat. { I hear the hoofs upon the hill,
Their footsteps growing fainter still.
They stole—they stole—they stole my child away
They stole—they stole—they stole my child away.

And then this heart, it withered, and dejected
  Wandered through the fields, but all in vain!
And every plant on me a shade reflected,
  My tears they flowed upon them like the rain
The thunder-storm that breaks in horror o'er us,
  Throws back the rainbow's bright refulgent rays
Though dark the night that now is hovering o'er us,
  Bringing back the light of other days.

Though dark the night that now is hovering o'er us,
Bringing back the light of other days.

Chorus Repeat. { They stole—they stole—they stole my child away!

Solo. { Oh! hear me now calling,—hear me, I pray,
My heart, my heart is breaking
For my child—for my child they've stole away.

Solo—for Tyrolean echo.

Full Chorus and Repeat. { I hear the hoofs upon the hill,
Their footsteps growing fainter still.
They stole—they stole—they stole my child away!
They stole—they stole—they stole my child away!

Emma Dale.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

When I was young, there used to dwell,
In the Mississippi vale,
The prettiest gal I eber saw—
Her name was Emma Dale.

Chorus. Oh, Emma dear, Oh, Emma Dale,
From the Mississippi vale,
Search all the wide world over
There's none like Emma Dale.

The moon did shine, the stars were bright,
The night when first we met,
De prettiest gal I eber saw,
I neber will forget.

Chorus. Oh, Emma dear, &c.

I felt her hand with my own,
The tear was in her eye;
I asked her would she marry me,
Her answer was a sigh.

Chorus. Oh, Emma dear, &c.

Stop dat Knocking.

AN ORIGINAL BURLESQUE.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by G. P. Reed & Co., Boston.

I once did love a yaller gal, whose name was Susy Brown,
She came from Alabama, and was the fairest in the town;
Her eyes so bright that they shine at night,
When the moon has gone away;
She used to call this nigga up,
Just afore the broke of day,
With a "Who dat, who dat, who dat, who dat knock ing at the door."

Spoken. "Am dat you Sam, am dat you, Sam;
"Why, Sam, ain't you guine to luff me in?"
"No, you'd better stop dat knockin' at the door,"—"let me in,"
"Stop dat knockin'"—"let me in,"
"Stop dat knockin'"—"let me in,"
"Stop dat knockin'"—"let me in,"
"Ah! you better stop dat knockin' at my door,"—"let me in,"
"Stop dat knockin', stop dat knockin', stop dat knockin',"
"Stop dat knockin', oh! you better stop dat knockin' at my door."

She was the handsomest gal dat eber I did see·
She neber went out walkin' with any colored man
but me;
I took my banjo to the house, to play three times or
more,
When I heard two or three knocks pretty hard,
Come bang agin the door

Spoken. With a, "Who dat, who dat," &c.

Bowery Gals.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Wm. Vanderbeck, New York.

As I was lumbering down de street,
O, down de street,
O, down de street,
Dat pretty color'd gal I chanc'd to meet,
O, she war fair to view.

Ch. Den de Bowery gals will you come out to-night,
Will you come out to-night?
Will you come out to-night?
O, de Bowery gals will you come out to-night?
And dance by de light ob de moon?

Den we stopp'd awhile and had some talk,
O, we had some talk,
O, we had some talk,
And her heel cover'd up the whole side-walk,
As she stood right by me.

Ch. Den de Bowery gals, &c.

I'd like to kiss dem lubly lips,
Dem lubly lips,
Dem lubly lips,

I think dat I could lose my wits,
And drap right on de floor.

Ch. Den de Bowery gals, &c.

I ax'd her would she go to a dance,
Would she go to a dance,
Would she go to a dance,
I thought dat I might have a chance
To shake my foot wid her.

Ch. Den de Bowery gals, &c.

I danc'd all night and my heel kept a rocking,
O, my heel kept a rocking,
O, my heel kept a rocking,
And I balance to de gal wid a hole in her stocking,
She was de prettiest gal in de room.

Ch. Den de Bowery gals, &c.

I am bound to make dat gal my wife,
Dat gal my wife,
Dat gal my wife,
O, I should be happy all my life,
If I had her along wid me.

Ch. Den de Bowery gals, &c.

The Haunted Well.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Gaily in the woody cove the old conk-shell did swell,
As de coal-black coon escaped his foe down by the haunted well;

The coon he went it all his might, thro' mud and o'er
the stump,
And de darkey sped o'er heels and head, and come
butt against a pump.
All round he sought de coal-black coon,
Dat made him lose the boys so soon;
Except himself, no other swell
Was by the lonely haunted well.

Chorus. Hab a care, don't go dar,
For the dark maid watches near;
For the dark maid all can hear,
For the dark maid watches near.

The pale white catnip growing dar its fragments
round did smell,
As the darkey lay all night that day down by the
haunted well;
A girl was dar, she stood on air, her features were
so mild;
She took a horn and blow'd dese words, "Eh! eh!
darkey, you're de child!"
"My ebony rose, my darkey pride,
Come lib wid me and be my bride,
Nor like a pump disgrace yoursel'
By standing in dat haunted well."

Chorus. Hab a care, &c.

Down in de wate · she did stoop for a ring—oh, what
a sell!
On his finger den she placed de hoop, and dey both
slid down the well:
'Twas on dat day de coon did stray, 'twas then poor
Sambo fell;
When darkeys near, they often hear a voice cry out,
"All's well!"
At midnight then dar forms are seen,
Propelling on a coon around de green;
Voices am heard and conk-shells swell,
Around that lonely haunted well.

Chorus. Hab a care, &c.

We'll have a little Dance to-night, Boys.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Wm. Hall & Son, New York.

Oh! listen to this good old tune,
And then I'll sing anoder;
Oh! massa gwan this afternoon
To call upon his brudder:
So, darkies, wait a little while,
Till he gets out of sight;
We'll drop de shovel and de hoe,
And have a little dance to-night.

Chorus We'll have a little dance to-night, boys!
To-night, boys! to-night, boys!
We'll have a little dance to-night, boys,
And dance by the light of the moon

I wants de kimbric handkerchief,
I wants de beaver hat;
Oh! hand me down de high heel boots
Likewise de silk cravat.
The darkies all are grinning,
Their teeth look berry white,
Case dere gwine ober de mountain,
To have a little dance to-night.

Chorus. To have a little dance, &c.

I rises at the broke of day,
To take my morning walk;
I meets my lovely Julian,
And dis is the way we talk.
says, You are my only lub,
You are my heart's delight;
Won't you go over de riber,
To have a little dance to-night?

Chorus. We'll have a little dance, &c.

I wish I was in Ole Varginny.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

I wish I was in Ole Varginny,
Wid Dinah an de pickerniny;
Jus sitting down to dinner off of gumbo,
For dat's de berry ting for Jumbo.

Chorus. Oh! Ole Varginny am de place, boys,
Whar a sassy nigger nebber dars to show
his face, boys.

'Tis dar de yaller gals am beautiful,
An massa's berry kind and dutiful;
Dar de rice an hominy am plenty,
Poor nigger's stomach dar nebber empty.

Chorus. Oh! Ole Varginny am de place, boys,
Whar dandy niggers shine on Sunday wid a
grace, boys.

De fair sex dar am quite bewitching;
For should you ebber meet one in de kitchen,
You sure to feel your heart a growing bigger,
When you hear her cry out, Oh! you lubly nigger

Chorus. Oh! Ole Varginny am de place, boys,
Whar a hansom gal arn't 'shamed to look y
in de face, boys.

I wanted lubly Dinah for a wife, sar,
But I did n't say a word upon my life, sar;
I roll'd my eye, and grinn'd, but did n't speak, sa
An Dinah was my chum chum in a week, sar.

Chorus. Oh! Ole Varginny am de place, boys,
Whar you'll get a wife for sure, by grinning
in her face, boys.

Rosa Dear.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Jaques & Brother, New York.

O, de sun dat rises in de eastern sky
  Am not more clear, am not more clear,
Dan de light dat shines from de coal-brack eye
  Ob Rosa dear, ob Rosa dear.
And de sun when he sets in de yaller west,
A sighin' for de darkies to go to dere rest,
Am not more quiet dan de charcoal breast
  Ob Rosa dear, ob Rosa dear.

Chorus. O, de sun, &c.

At night when I presses de lubly hand
  Ob Rosa dear, ob Rosa dear,
It seems she has drapt from a heavenly band
  In de moonlight clear, in de moonlight clear.
When de daylight comes, I hasten away,
For if I don't, ole massa 'll say
Dat I no more shall my banjo play
  To Rosa dear, my Rosa dear.

Chorus. O, de sun, &c.

It almost makes dis darkey cry,
  To see de tear, to see de tear,
Dat draps like a pearl from de coal-brack eye
  Ob Rosa dear, my Rosa dear.
Den wid my lips I brush it away,
And tell her "every one has his day,"
Oh, Lor ! what sweet things I do say
  To Rosa dear, my Rosa dear

Chorus. O, de sun, &c.

Now, folks, I'll tell you something true,
  Widout any fear, dat's berry clear,
I'se not going to marry Cynthia Sue—
  But Rosa dear, my Rosa dear.
And when we're married we'll have a spree,
Which we invite all de white folks to see,
How happy den dis darkey will be
  Wid Rosa dear, his Rosa dear.

Chorus. O, de sun, &c.

I'm off for Charleston.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

My massa an my missus, dey both am gone away,
Dey gone to de Sulpher Springs de summer months to stay;
An while dey'r off togeder, on dis little kind ob spree,
I'll go down to Charleston, de pretty gals to see.

Chorus.

I'm off for Charleston early in de morning,
  I'm off for Charleston a little while to stay.
Give my respects to ev'ry pretty yaller gal,
  I'm off for Charleston before de broke ob day.

My Nelly waved her handkerchief when she seed me go,
Floating down de ribber wid de old banjo.
As I stood and gazed upon her, I wiped away a tear,
An de last word I sed to her was, Far you well, my dear.

Chorus. I'm off for Charleston, &c.

It begin to rain a little, de night was very dark,
An when my Nelly said "good-bye," de dogs begin
to bark.
De dog he scar't de buzzard, de buzzard scar't de
coon,
Dey all made a nigger run till next day noon.

Chorus. I'm off for Charleston, &c.

De coon begin to tire, de dog he tire too,
De nigger he got tireder, an he did n't know what
to do;
De buzzards kept a flying till de chickens gin to crow,
Den he came down to hear me play de old banjo

Chorus. I'm off for Charleston, &c.

Charleston is a pretty place, de gals dey kiss so sweet,
Dey am so slender 'bout de waist, and dress so bery
neat;
But I'd rudder kiss my Nell, dan all de gals I ebber
see,
Kase her breff is like an orange-blossom hanging on
a tree.

Chorus. I'm off for Charleston, &c.

Poor Aunt Dinah.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Stagman & Brother, Philadelphia.

I knew an old darky aunty once,
She lived in Louisiana;
The white folks call'd her Dinah, but
She call'd herself Diana.

Her eyes were black, her teef were white,
Her figure tall and slender,
Her arms were stout, her hands were tough,
But her nigga heart was tender.

Chorus. Poor Aunt Dinah! Poor Aunt Dinah!
Her arms were stout, her hands were tough,
But her nigga heart was tender.

Old Aunty Dinah lived alone
In her cabin by de river,
Whar de niggas came, both young and old,
Deir duty for to give her;
She taught 'em how to knit and spin,
And maybe something finer;
But dey could not make de good hoe-cake
As good as old Aunt Dinah.

Chorus. Poor Aunt Dinah! Poor Aunt Dinah!
Dey could not make de good hoe-cake
As good as old Aunt Dinah.

At last she died,—Aunt Dinah died,—
She died of yaller fever,
And massa laid her in her grave,
Whar all shed tears to leave her.
We put on black in Louisiana State,
And some in Carolina;
A slab of pine we put at her head
And on it we wrote — Dinah!

Chorus. Poor Aunt Dinah! Poor Aunt Dinah!
A slab of pine we put at her head,
And on it we wrote — Dinah.

Come to de Ole Gum Tree.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Wm. Vanderbeck, New York.

Come to de ole Gum-tree,
Whar de coon an' de possum prance;
O, come you nigs wid me,
An' join in de jovial dance.

Solo. De coon he is above us,
His meat is in de tree,
We know dat he don't lub us,
But fond ob him are we.

Chorus. Den come to de ole Gum-tree, &c.

Oh, de wood an' its yaller leaves;
Oh, de cotton plants an' flowers;
Den come you nigger wid us,
For a merry life is ours.

Solo. Around and above us,
De banjo's sweet notes,
An' de voice ob de niggers
Come rolling from dar throats.

Chorus. Den come to de ole Gum-tree, &c

Come to de ole oak-tree,
So softly, boys, as you can,
An' we'll go to de ole Gum-tree,
An' catch dat coon if we can.

Solo. Dat nigger plays de fiddle,
An' I de tamborine;
We am de happiest set ob niggers
Dat eber 'fore was seen.

Chorus. Den come to de ole Gum-tree, &c.

Oh Come, Darkies, Come.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Wm. Vanderbeck, New York.

Oh come, darkies, come, let us dance while we may,
How sweet am de tambourine's sound;—
Why should we work thro' de long summer day,
Nor dance when de night comes around?
Dere's Pompey and Dinah and Julius and Sue,
And Crow sitting dere wid a frown;—
Den come wid de banjo, de fiddle and bones,
We'll dance till de moon am gone down

Chorus.

Oh come, darkies, come, let us dance while we may,
How sweet am de tambourine's sound;—
Why should we work thro' de long summer day,
Nor dance when de night comes around?
Repeat. { Oh come, oh come, oh darkies come,
Oh come, oh darkies come, oh come.

Ole Massa's asleep and snoozing away,
And closed for de night is his eye;
He will not wake up till the broke ob de day—
Oh, dere let de old possum lie!
Dere's Sambo and Rosy and Gumbo and Fan,
And Snow wid his Phillisy dear;—
Den come wid de banjo, de fiddle and bones,
And dance till de morning appear.

Chorus. Oh come, &c.

Massa sound is Sleeping.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Mesars. Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

The moon is shining bright and clear,
The flowers are budding free,
The coon is creeping to the corn,
And the waves dance on the sea.

Chorus. Then haste away, my dearest Nell,
For massa sound is sleeping;
We'll run away and married be,
And leave the niggers weeping.

A cot within a dell we'll have,
Where flowers bright are blooming,
And cotton blossoms strew the earth,
As if 'twere winter snowing.

Chorus. Then haste, &c.

A bright and sunny spot we'll choose,
Where coons and possums play;
And when our daily labour's done,
We'll sing and dance away.

Chorus. Then haste, &c.

And while the niggers gaily dance,
The banjos play and ring;
The niggers all shall merry be,
And gaily laugh and sing.

Chorus. Then haste, &c.

Walk in the Parlour.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Jaques & Brother, New York.

'm right from old Varginny, with my head so full of knarledge,
I never went to free school, or any odder college;
But I will tell you one ting, it is a certain fact,
I'll git you 'scription of de world in a twinkling of a crack.

1st Voice. So walk in!
2d Voice. — Walk in!
3d Voice. — Walk in, I say!
4th Voice. — Walk into de parlour, and hear de banjo play.

Chorus. Walk into de parlour, and hear de banjo ring,
And watch de darkey's fingers while he picks it on de string.

Lightning is a yaller gal who libs up in de clouds,
Thunder is a brack man, and he can holler loud;
When he kisses Lightning, she darts up in a wonder;
He jumps up and grabs de clouds, and dat's what makes it thunder.

1st Voice, &c.

Chorus. Walk into de parlour, &c.

Noah built de ark and filled it full of sassage,
All de odder animals took a cabin passage;
De elephant he cum last, — Noah said, "You's drunk!"
"No," says he, "it took me all dis time to pack away my trunk!"

1st Voice, &c.

Chorus. Walk into de parlour, &c.

O, Noah sent de bird out, to look for dry land —
When he cum back, he had de banjo in his hand;
I took up de banjo, and played 'em dis ere tune —
All the animals, 'cept the elephant, fell into a swoon.

1st Voice, &c.

Chorus. Walk into de parlour, &c.

Wake up, Mose!

"THE ENGINE'S COMING."

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by W. C. Peters & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Oh, white folks, listen to my song, come listen to my ditty;
I'll tell you 'bout a colour'd chap, born in de Empire City.
He used to run de machine, he was de engine tender;
Oh, golly! he was some, when he got upon a bender!

Chorus. Oh, wake up, Mose!
Wake up, Mose!
Wake up, Mose! de fire is burning,
Round de corner de smoke is curling;
Take de rope, and keep her running;
Fire! Fire! Fire! &c.

Oh! Mose he went to college, and says he am a poet;
And while de rope am good and strong, he says he's bound to go it;
Dat "Milton" went to "paradise," and Byron he was witty,
But Mose he means to 'mortalize dis same ole Empire City.

Chorus. Oh, wake up, &c.

Oh! Bonaparte was de chap that went to Santalena,
And Billy Brutus was de man dat sarsigenated Ceasa;
Cromwell was de Oliver that gave it to 'em pretty,
And Billy Patterson was de one that named the Empire City.

Chorus. Oh, wake up, &c.

Oh! Mose he went to Mexico, and dar he saw
Santa Anna;
He took a message to de camp — 'twas, "Zachary
don't surrender!"
Says Santa, "Whar do you come from? you seems
to be so witty?"
Says Mose, "Look here, I'm one ob de b'hoys come
from de Empire City!"

Chorus. Oh, wake up, &c.

Dolly Day.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by F. D. Benteen, Baltimore, Md.

I've told you 'bout de banjo,
De fiddle and de bow;
Likewise about de cotton-field,
De shubble and de hoe;
I've sung about de bulgine
Dat blew de folks away;
And now I'll sing a little song
About my Dolly Day.

Chorus. Oh! Dolly Day looks so gay,
I run all round and round,
To hear her fairy footsteps play,
As she comes o'er de ground.
(*Repeat.*)

I like to see de clover
Dat grows about de lane;
I like to see de 'bacco plant,
I like de sugar cane;

But on de old plantation
Der's nothing half so gay,
Der's nothing dat I love so much
As my sweet Dolly Day.

Chorus. Oh! Dolly Day, &c.

When de work is over
I make de banjo play,
And while I strike de dulcem notes,
I think of Dolly Day.
Her form is like a posy—
De lily of de vale,
Her voice is far de sweetest sound
Dat floats upon de gale.

Chorus. Oh! Dolly Day, &c.

Massa give me money
To buy a peck of corn;
I'se guine to marry Dolly Day,
And build myself a barn;
Den when I'm old and feeble,
And when my head is gray,
I'll trabble down de hill of life
Along wid Dolly Day.

Chorus. Oh! Dolly Day, &c.

Angelina Baker.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by F. D. Benteen, Baltimore, Md.

Way down on de old plantation—
Dah's where I was born,
I used to beat de whole creation
Hoein' in de corn:

Oh! den I work and den I sing
So happy all de day,
Till Angelina Baker came
And stole my heart away.

Chorus. Angelina Baker!
Angelina Baker's gone—
She left me here to weep a tear,
And beat on de old jaw-bone.
(*Repeat*)

I've seen my Angelina
In de spring-time and de fall;
I've seen her in de corn-field,
And I've seen her at de ball;
And eb'ry time I met her
She was smiling like de sun,
But now I'm left to weep a tear
Cayse Angelina's gone.

Chorus. Angelina Baker! &c.

Angelina am so tall
She nebber sees de ground,
She hab to take a wellumscope
To look down on de town;
Angelina like de boys
As far as she can see dem,
She used to run old massa round
To ax him for to free dem.

Chorus. Angelina Baker! &c.

Early in de morning
Ob a lubly summer day,
I ax for Angelina,
And dey say "She's gone away"—
I dont know wha to find her,
Cayse I don't know wha she's gone,
She left me here to weep a tear,
And beat on de old jaw-bone.

Chorus. Angelina Baker. &c.

Melinda May.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by F. D. Benteen, Baltimore, Md.

Lubly Melinda, come now, my dear!
  I'm waiting, I'm waiting for you;
Shut down de window, dry up de tear,
  And walk wid me ober de dew.

Chorus. Lubly Melinda, Melinda, Melinda,
  My sweet Melinda May.
  I could work in de field and be happy all de day,
  If you would only smile again, my sweet Melinda May!

Laugh in de sunshine, weep in de rain,
  And walk wha de lily-bud bloom,
Down in de meadow, ober de lane,—
  Oh come, my Melinda lub, come.

Chorus. Lubly Melinda, &c.

Lubly Melinda is bright as de beam,
  No snow-drop was eber more fair
She smiles like de roses dat bloom round de stream,
  And sings like de birds in de air.

Chorus. Lubly Melinda, &c.

If I was a hero, and people would fall
  Where eber I'd tell dem to lie,
I'd make my Melinda de queen ob dem all,
  And lib on de light ob her eye.

Chorus. Lubly Melinda, &c.

Kate Loraine.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment published by Wm. Vanderbeck, New York.

Dere was a lubly charmer,
In ole Car'lina State,
De pride of all de darkies,
And dey call'd her charming Kate.
I lub'd her berry dearly,
As I ne'er can lub again,
For her heart was kind and gentle,
And free from eb'ry stain.

Chorus. Oh! I ne'er can lub anudder,
So fond, so true again;
I'm thine, and thine forebber,
My charming Kate Loraine.

We lib'd in de same cabin
For many happy years;
We nebber dreamt of sorrow,
We shed no bitter tears.
But, oh! she went and left me
One bright and blooming spring,
And here alone and weeping,
I sit me down and sing.

Chorus. Oh! I ne'er can lub anudder, &c.

But fare thee well, sweet Katy,
Thou'rt gone, forebber gone!
And here, alas! I wander
All sadly and alone.
Alone and broken-hearted,
I wander night and day;
Oh! how can I be happy
When Katy's far away!

Chorus. Oh! I ne'er can lub anudder, &c.

She Sleeps in the Grave.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by G. P. Reed & Co., Boston.

How oft have you asked why I never am gay!
Why my forehead is wrinkled, my hair has turned gray;
Why the friends of my heart, and the tried ones of years,
Have ne'er seen me smile, but oft found me in tears;
Why I fly from your sports, and your pastimes pass by,
And why from my bosom I oft heave a sigh!
But listen, my friends, 'tis the last time I'll have
To tell of the dear one who sleeps in the grave!

Chorus. She sleeps in the grave! she sleeps in the grave!
Where the sweet flowers grow and the tall willows wave;
And the moon when she sails in the heavens above,
Looks sadly and cold on the tomb of my love!

Yes, alas! oh, alas! she has gone, she has gone!
I have none to love now! I'm alone, all alone!
She was sick, and my heart said with many a sigh,
That Dinah, the wife of my bosom, must die!
How my heart beateth now, as her last words I tell:
She kissed me and said—"Fare thee well! O! farewell!"
When the bright sun had sunk to his home in the west,
My Dinah, my darling, lay dead on my breast.

Chorus. And she sleeps in the grave! &c.

The Darkey's Serenade.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by G. P. Reed & Co., Boston.

Oh! come, my lovely Dinah,
Come, hasten, love, to me;
The moon shines bright and beautiful
Across the rippling sea.
I love you as the stars of night,
That shine in heaven above.
Then come away with me this night,
My best, my only love.

Chorus. Then come away, my Dinah, dear,
Oh! come away with me;
For all the world is fast asleep,
And the moon shines o'er the sea.

Oh! Dina, dear, you know for years
I loved you long and well,
And now I've come this very night,
My love for you to tell;—
And if you do not say this night
You love this darkey swain,
I'll throw myself into the sea,
And I'll ne'er come back again.

Chorus. Then come away, my Dinah, &c.

Joe ob Tennessee.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Wm. Vanderbeck, New York.

Dar's many nigger now-a-day,
Dat try to imp de monkey play;
But ob all de nigger dat you see,
Dar's none like Joe ob Tennessee.

Chorus. Dat you, Joe? dat you, Joe?
Yes, 'tis Joe ob Tennessee.
(*Repeat.*)

When I buried Rosa Lee,
I cried tree weeks to dat degree
Her sister Dina say to me,
I lub you, Joe ob Tennessee.

Chorus. Dat you, Joe, &c

My Dina she so fair, so bright,
She's black as ace of spades at night;
And when 'tis day, 'tis plain to see
She's just like Joe ob Tennessee.

Chorus. Dat you, Joe, &c

My massa one day try to whip
Dis nigger, who gib him de slip;
Dat make him laff to dat degree,
He look like Joe ob Tennessee.

Chorus. Dat you, Joe, &c.

I den made up my mind to go,
Trough all de States my jenus show
To sing and dance the banjo glee,
Dat's made by Joe ob Tennessee.

Chorus. Dat you, Joe, &c.

Dis nigger trabble far and wide,
Wid lably Dina by he side;
And on de road dey say to me,
You look like Joe ob Tennessee.

Chorus. Dat you, Joe, &c.

De money I hab made, I keep;
And when I'm dead and fast asleep,
My Dina she will berry me
Wid Rosa dear, ob Tennessee.

Chorus. Rosa dear, Rosa dear, &c.

Julia Green.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Wm. Vanderbeck, New York.

Oh! I hab been from norf to souf,
And darkey gals I've seen;
But none did eber seem to me
So sweet as Julia Green!
She dances and she skips about,
And cuts de pigeon wing;
And, oh! it seems such melody,
When she begins to sing!

Chorus. Oh! I hab been from norf to souf,
And darkey gals I've seen;
But none did eber seem to me
So sweet as Julia Green!

I've sat and watch'd de lubly moon
Go sliding down the sky;
And ebery little twinkling star
Seem'd Julia's shinin' eye.

Oh, how I lub dis darkey gal!
How happy hab I been,
When neath de sweet, de heabenly smile,
Ob darlin Julia Green!

Chorus. Oh! I hab been, &c.

A pledge ob lub she'd gib to me,
She said wid honey bref;
I ax'd her what dat pledge should be—
She sigh'd, and said — hersef!
I threw my arms around her neck,
She on my breast did lean;
While brack-wing'd angels hober'd o'er
Myself and Julia Green!

Chorus. Oh! I hab been, &c.

Lynchburg Town.

The music, with piano-forte accompaniment, published by Wm. Vanderbeck, New York.

You may talk as you will ob de good ole time,
Of Dandy Jim and Joe;
But we am de darkies for fun and glee,
And we sing and play de ole banjo!

Chorus.

And we're gwine 'long down,
And we're gwine long down to town,
And we're gwine long down to Lynchburg to n;
To sing to de white folks down dar!

We have songs to sing to de ladies fair,
And dere names I'm gwine to tell;
Dere is "Kate Loraine" and 'Julia Green,'
De "Husking Song" and 'Romping Nell!"

Chorus. And we're gwine, &c.

Dere is "Laughing Joe," dat good ole soul,
How he lub'd his darling "Sal!"
Oh, he laff'd all de time when de priest was dar,
Case he'd got sich a pretty brack gal.

Chorus. And we're gwine, &c.

I can tell you whar dese songs do grow,
At Van Derbeek's store so fine;
'Tis just ober dar across de way,
Four Hundred and Seventy-Nine.

Chorus. And we're gwine, &c.

Negro's Seven Ages — Not Shakspeare's.

First de picaninny what's squallin in de lap,
Because its nigger mammy wont gib it any pap;
De way he kicks and hollers is a sin to human natur
Till de nurse does stop his mouf wid a great big roast potater.
And den de rascal 's sent to school wid dinner in hi basket,
Which ob course he eats in no time, afore he doe his task get;
And arter school is ober, he gets figbtin wid de boys,

And runs home, wid his eyes both black, a kickin
up a noise.
Den de willin falls in lub, and courts Miss Dinah
Slue.
He raves and swears and tears his hair, and jump
about Jim Crow,
'Till his daddy punches well his head, jist like a
piece ob wood;
Den he's cured ob dat, which, you must own, does
him a deal ob good.
He can't go for a soger—cos his colour, it is black;
So he looks for work, and arterwards he tinks he'll
drive a hack;
But de horses run away and gib him lots ob trouble;
And den wid him, oh, sad to tell! busts reputation's
bubble.
He can't be justice neider, as Massa Shakspeare says,
Cos a nigger's judgment wont go down wid de public
now-a-days,
But he raises his mouse-catchers, and goes cook on
board a ship
But de biler busts, and he escapes, afore he went
fust trip.
Now de darkey's gettin old—good gracious, what 'll
he do?
His head is coming from his hat, his toes press from
his shoe;
So he gets some blackin and a brush, and sets down
on de walk,
To black de boots; but Star's come on, and make
him walk his chalk.
Den he gets so old dat he can't see—his wool is all
gray,
And de white folks turn dere noses up, and push
him out de way,
'Till he crawls into some cellar, in de neighborhood
close by,
Looks about for a soft piece ob board, and lays him
down to die.

By de Seben Ages ob de Nigger, white folks, you
plainly see
How de nigger 's used by all de world, when a little
up de tree.
"He'd no business to be nigger," ob course, you all
will say;
But some poor folks must niggers be, or white trash
rules de day.

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CHRISTY'S

PLANTATION MELODIES.

(No. 2.)

Eulalie.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Blue-birds, linger here awhile,
O'er this sacred grassy pile,
Sing your sweetest songs to me—
'T is the grave of Eulalie.
Roses white, around her tomb
Gently wave and sweetly bloom,
Let your silent language be—
"We will bloom for Eulalie."

Streamlet, chaunting at her feet
Mournful music, sad and sweet,
Wake her not, she dreams of me
'Neath the yew tree, Eulalie!
Eulalie, but yesternight,
Came a spirit veiled in white;
I knew it could be none but thee,
Bride of Death, lost Eulalie.

Angels, guard her with your wings,
Shield her from unholy things,
Bid her dream love-dreams of me,—
Till I come, sleep, Eulalie!

Blue-birds, linger here a while,
O'er this sacred grassy pile,
Sing your sweetest songs to me—
'T is the grave of Eulalie.

Massa's in the Cold Ground.

Foster

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Round the meadows am a ringing
The darkies' mournful song,
While the mocking-bird is singing,
Happy as the day is long.
Where the ivy is a creeping
O'er the grassy mound,
There old massa is a sleeping,
Sleeping in the cold, cold ground.

Chorus. Down in the corn-field
Hear that mournful sound;
All the darkies are a weeping—
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

When the autumn leaves were falling,
When the days were cold,
'T was hard to hear old massa calling,
'Cause he was so weak and old.
Now the orange tree is blooming
On the sandy shore,
Now the summer days are coming,
Massa never calls no more.

Chorus. Down in the corn-field, &c.

Massa made the darkies love him,
He always was so kind,
Now they sadly weep above him,
Mourning, for he leave them behind.

I cannot work before to-morrow,
So many tear-drops flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow
Picking on the old banjo.

Chorus. Down in the corn-field, &c.

Ella Ree.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Roddon and Stewart, Philadelphia.

Oh Ella Ree so kind and true
In the little churchyard lies,
Her grave is bright with drops of dew,
But brighter were her eyes.
Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie.

Chorus. Carry me back to Tennessee, &c.

Her pretty eyes and gentle form,
Methinks I yet can see,
I love the spot where she was born
Way down in Tennessee.
Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie.

Chorus. Carry me back to Tennessee, &c.

The summer moon will rise and set,
And the night-birds trill their lay,
And the possum and coon so softly step,
Round the grave of Ella Ree.

Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie.

Chorus. Carry me back to Tennessee, &c.

I'll Throw Myself Away.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Hall and Son, New York.

Now, ladies, your attention!
I've got a song that's new,
And I guess I just will mention,
I intended it for you;
For when I see them ruby lips
And bright eyes turn'd this way,
I feel so good I'd like to take
And throw myself away.

Chorus. Oh yes, I love the white folks so,
I'll serve them night and day,
And if I could but please them, why
I'd throw myself away.

I've seen the beauties of the South,
Likewise the East and West,
And thought this was a happy land,
By such dear angels blest;
But when I saw the New York belles,
That promenade Broadway,
I gosh, I thought that I should take
And throw myself away.

Chorus. Oh yes, I love the white folks so, &c.

The yellow girls in the Southern States
Are sometimes very neat,
The Creoles too, in New Orleans,
Do look so very sweet;

But the New York yellow girls do dress
So "gallus," neat, and gay,
I think if one will marry me,
I'll chuck myself away.

Chorus. Oh yes, I love the white folks so, &c.

Now, gemmen, I've a word for you,—
You bucks, of course, I mean,—
I think you are the luckiest chaps
That ever I have seen;
With such dear charmers by your side,
To steal your hearts away,
I golly, I think if I was you,
I'd throw myself away.

Chorus. Oh yes, I love the white folks so, &c.

The Old Folks are Gone.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Hall and Son, New York.

Far, far in many lands I've wander'd,
Sadly and lone,
My heart was ever turning southward,
To all the dear ones at home;
Here, after all my weary roaming,
At early dawn,
I've come and find the cot still standing,
But, oh, the OLD FOLKS are gone.

Chorus. Here I wander sad and lonely,
In the dear old home,
Those that I loved so well and fondly—
All, all the old folks are gone.

Here's where I frolic'd with my brother
Under the tree,
Here's where I knelt beside my mother,
From care and sorrow free;

Still sing the little birds as sweetly,
At night and morn,
Still runs the little brook as fleetly,
But O, the old folks are gone.

Chorus. Here I wander sad and lonely, &c.

Down where the old banana's waving,
They're laid to rest,
Where Swanee's peaceful water's laving
The green turf o'er their breast;
But there's a home I know, where parting
Never can come;
Oh, for that home I must be starting,
There's where the old folks are gone.

Chorus. Here I wander sad and lonely, &c.

What Shall This Darkey Do?

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Hall and Son, New York.

Oh when I was a little dark' I used to live at ease,
I used to peel the taters, and I used to shell the peas;
But when I older grew I went to work on the plantation,
Where this lament would draw the tears from all the darkey nation.

Chorus.

What shall this darkey do? what shall this darkey do?
I'd like to leave this cotton work and be a gemman too.

I got aboard a steamboat, and I travell'd night and day,
And I landed in a city that they told me was Broadway,

Where the lamps they would n't shine, 'cause the ladies eyes so bright,
So they put the stars in candlesticks about the streets at night.

Chorus. What shall this darkey do? &c.

One night I went into the street, and there I saw the moon
A spinning round upon a house put up in a balloon,
The people's faces in the light, 'cording to my inspection,
Were just as shiny as if they had got a re-election.

Chorus. What shall this darkey do? &c.

I saw a dandy pair of boots a standing in the street,
But no one seemed to want them, so I put them on my feet,
And then I got a bran new hat with a very shining crown,
Thinks I, "My friend, you've surely got the freedom of the town."

Chorus. What shall this darkey do? &c.

They took me to a gentleman, who sent me to a college,
Where I got an education in various sorts of knowledge;
I learned to make and pick a lock, I learned to make a shoe,
And I used to boil the homony when I'd nothing else to do.

Chorus.

What shall this darkey do? what shall this darkey do?
He's got his Sing Sing learning, and he's a gemman too.

Oh! Lemuel!

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by F. D Benteen, Baltimore.

Oh! Lemuel, my lark,
Oh! Lemuel, my beau,
I's going to give a ball to-night,
I'd have you for to know;
But if you want to dance,
Just dance outside the door;
Because your feet so very large,
They'll cover all the floor.
Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem! Lemuel, I say,
Go down to the cotton-field, and bring the boys away.

Chorus. Go down to the cotton-field,
Go down, I say!
Go down and call the darkie boys all:
We'll work no more to-day.

Oh! Lemuel, my hope,
Oh! Lemuel, my joy,
I'll tell you who'll be at the ball,
My woolly-headed boy.
There's Nelly Bly, you know,
And Juliana Snow;
There's Cane-brake Kitty likes the boys,
And she'll be sure to go.
Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem! Lemuel, I say,
Go down to the cotton-field, and bring the boys away

Chorus. Go down to the cotton-field, &c.

Oh! Lemuel is tall,
Oh! Lemuel is fair,
Oh! Lemuel has gone to-day
To take the morning air.

He makes the fiddle hum,
He makes the banjo tum,
He rattles on the old jaw-bone,
And beats upon the drum.
Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem! Lemuel, I say,
Go down to the cotton-field, and bring the boys away

Chorus. Go down to the cotton-field, &c.

Hither We Come.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Vanderbeek, New York.

"Hither we come at old Massa's will;"
And whether in the cane-brake, in cotton field, or 'mongst the corn,
Our labour we forsake at sound of Massa's horn.
"Hither we go, his wish to fulfil."

Keep silence, darkies, and attention pay, to what I have to say,
And thank your kind old Massa, for to-day he give you a holiday.
Laugh and be gay, the bones and fiddle play upon the green,
And, Massa Pompey, mind your tamborine.

Chorus.

Long live old Massa, from him ne'er we 'll part,
Pride of this darkey's heart.
Long we 'll remain to tote in the grain,
Hoe the corn night and morn, and work away so smart.

Your labour ended, and with joy your harmless revels see,
For grateful hearts, inspir'd by mirth, true pleasure give to me.
Then happy be along with me until the hours of rest,
At break of day we must away, till sun is in the west—
Your sports are ended.

Farewell, My Lilly Dear.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Oh! Lilly dear, it grieves me,
The tale I have to tell;
Old Massa sent me roaming,
So Lilly, fare you well!
Oh! fare you well, my true love,
Farewell old Tennessee,
Then let me weep for you, love,
But do not weep for me.

Chorus. Farewell for ever to old Tennessee,
Farewell, my Lilly dear, don't weep for me.

I's going to roam the wide world
In lands I've never hoed,
With nothing but my banjo
To cheer me on the road;
And when I'm sad and weary
I'll make the banjo play,
To 'mind me of my true love
When I am far away.

Chorus. Farewell for ever, &c.

I wake up in the morning,
And walk out on the farm;
Oh! Lilly am a darling—
She take me by the arm.
We wander through the clover
Down by the river side,
I tell her that I love her,
And she must be my bride.

Chorus. Farewell for ever, &c.

Oh! Lilly dear, 'tis mournful
To leave you here alone;
You'll smile before I leave you,
And weep when I am gone.
The sun can never shine, love,
So bright for you and me,
As when I worked beside you
In good old Tennessee.

Chorus. Farewell for ever, &c.

Ding, Dong! or, The Darkies' Wedding.

The bells ring out, and many a shout is ringing in the air,
For Rosa May and Sam to-day are made a happy pair.
The two are one, so now for fun, let's dance and sing with glee,
And cheer the scene with tamborine, and bones right merrily.

Chorus.

Ding, dong! skip along, the overseer has gone,
And Massa's here himself to cheer, the darkies' wedding morn.

The dance begin—look out for shins—here comes the bride and groom;
How swift they bound at music's sound—stand back and give them room;
Just watch the bride, and see what pride, that kindles in her eye,
When all in vain Belinda Jane attempts to pass her by

Chorus. Ding, dong, &c.

The dance is done, and ev'ry one is hungry as a horse,
And soon is seen upon the green a jolly spread, of course.
They drink and eat, and songs repeat, till near the close of day;
Then satisfied, they kiss the bride, and tear themselves away.

Chorus. Ding, dong, &c.

Julius's Trip to the World's Fair.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Hall and Son, New York.

Twelve months ago I left this place,—
I went out in the Arctic;
Ten days upon the ocean wave
Brought feelings quite cathartic:
I 'rived in London one fine morn,
And soon put on my best,
Then filed into the Crystal Show,
With a "member of the Press!"

Chorus. Listen now, darkies O,
And hear of sights so rare,
For "Julius" here is all the go,
Since he came from the great "World's Fair."

I mingle with the quality,
And feel most awful proud;
But a cry soon stop my jollity,—
"There's 'Julius' in the crowd!"
Prince Albert take me by the arm,
And ask in gentle tones,
To condescend to please the "Ton"
With a solo on the bones.

Chorus. Listen now, &c.

I spread myself upon the stage
  Without much hesitation,
As racing then was all the rage,
  I play the "Imitation."
The "Jockey Club" soon make their bets,
  As the second heat I play;
The odds were on the "Bob-tail Nag,"
  For nowhere was the "Bay."

Chorus. Listen now, &c.

I left the "Palace" late that night,
  And packed my things with haste,
Then wandered on to the "Isle of Wight,"
  To be at the great Yacht race;
My finances were not hard run,
  Our friend there pay the shot,
He back'd the "Royal Squadron," and
  I bet on the "Yankee Yacht."

Chorus. Listen now, &c.

Good Old Dinah.

Old Dinah, she is dead and gone,
  Old Massa's kitchen slave;
The darkies all their work have done
  And follow'd to her grave;
For Dinah was as good a girl
  As ever boiled the corn,
And from the hut each day she came
  To blow the dinner horn.

Chorus. But now, since she is dead and gone,
  This darkey's joy is done;
  No longer we'll sing, or the banjo ring,
  Or strike the old jawbone.

Of a long summer's night,
When the moon shone bright,
To the woods we'd go so soon;
Our steps were light, in the snow so white,
To hunt for the possum and the coon.
And when the day began to break,
These darkies soon would find;
Then home again our tracks we'd make,
At the call of good old Dine.

Chorus. But now, since she is dead, &c.

Of a long summer's day, while mowing the hay,
The dinner time would come;
'T was then we'd bless that good old girl
While the dinner horn would hum.
Our work we'd stop, our rakes we'd drop,
And to the hut repair,
For Dinah, with our dinner hot,
For us was waiting there.

Chorus. But now, since she is dead, &c.

Uncle Tom's Gone to Rest.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Uncle Tom's gone to rest, let us pray for his soul;
He will answer no more to the call of the roll.
When the horn wakes us up, to the fields we repair,
With a sigh for poor Tom, who is now past all care;
We shall miss his kind hand when the sickness comes on,
In the winter's long evenings we'll think of his song.
His children are weeping; Aunt Chloe's heart sore,
Can but pray that he's gone where his troubles are o'er.

Chorus.

Uncle Tom 's gone to rest, let us pray for his soul,
He will answer no more to the call of the roll.
When the horn wakes us up, to the fields we repair,
With a sigh for poor Tom, who is now past all care.

When he went down the river, he thought of us then,
And he fondly believed he should meet us again;
For he met there a spirit, so pure and so bright,
He thought her, and found her, an angel of light;
But sorrow's dark pathway he lived still to trace,
For sweet Eva died, in whose angelic face
He saw hope and comfort, both here and above;
What else could she be, whose existence was love?

Chorus. Uncle Tom 's gone to rest, &c.

Tom 's joy turned to sorrow, now see him once more
In the pestilent swamp, his hard fate to deplore;
Still patient and humble, and willing to lend
His best efforts to her, whom stern fate made his friend;
But his days are now numbered, poor Chloe's hard gains
Will never avail him; his perils and pains
Drawing now to their close, the good Book his sole cheer,
They may die in good hope, who can die like Tom here.

Chorus. Uncle Tom 's gone to rest, &c.

Old Ned.

Do n't you remember our master, Old Ned,
Our master, whose heart was so true?
We loved him so dearly, and did all he said,
And he loved us as few masters do.
Alas! he now lies in his grave, Old Ned,
And the grass sighs over his tomb;
But brightly the roses bloom over his head,
Whilst our hearts are saddened with gloom.

Oh! do n't you remember the hounds, Old Ned,
  And how, by the light of the moon,
We ofttimes have chased, when the rest were in bed,
  In pursuit of the sweet-meated coon?
The coon-dogs are all of them gone, Old Ned,
  Save one poor, blind, lonely cur;
He sleeps all the day on his bed of straw,
  So old that he scarcely can stir.

Oh! don't you remember—you do, Old Ned,
  Though your hairs are white as the snow—
The day when our kind-hearted mistress was wed
  To her lover, a handsome young beau?
Delighted our master's heart was, Old Ned,
  As he press'd to his bosom her form;
Whilst the tears rolled down on the young child's head
  From their fountain so full and so warm.

Well we remember the blessings that fell
  On the heads of that happy young pair,
When the parson pronounced them to be man and wife,
  And feelingly poured forth a prayer;
But alas! our mistress is gone, Old Ned,
  Her spirit and master's have flown,
And I have no friend to care for me now,
  But you, Ned, save you, Ned, alone.

The Old Corn Mill.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Roddon and Stewart, Philadelphia.

The home of my childhood, that dearly-loved spot,
Where the yellow corn is growing round my father's old cot,
There many happy days I spent, I yet remember well,
With my kind old mother, by the old corn mill.

Chorus.

Then hurry me home to the old corn mill,
To my father's old cot, on the top of the hill;
For I am getting weary, and not afraid to die;
Oh lay me side my mother, in the ground where Katy lie.

Full well I remember how, with boyish delight,
We met round the pine-knot fires at the night;
I love to see the old corn mill, and watch the wheel go round;
I love my good old mother, in the cold, cold ground.

Chorus. Then hurry me home, &c.

Oh! for that old corn mill, to memory dear!
I would eat the bright corn-cake with merry good cheer,
But the old corn mill it is passing away,
And the crazy old wheel is gone to decay.

Chorus. Then hurry me home, &c.

And Katy I loved, her grave is so cold;
The old folks are dead, and the young are growing old;
Them happy days are over, free from sorrow and ill,
When we all lived at home, by the old corn mill.

Chorus. Then hurry me home, &c.

Katy Darling.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Hall and Son, New York.

Oh, they tell me thou art dead, Katy Darling,
That thy smile I may never more behold;
Did they tell thee I was false, Katy Darling,
Or my love for thee had e'er grown cold?

Oh, they know not the loving of the heart that beats
for thee,
When a love like to thine, Katy Darling,
Is the goal to the race set for me.
Oh, hear me, sweet Katy,
For the wild flowers greet me, Katy Darling,
And the love-birds are singing in each tree;
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy Darling?
Behold love, I'm waiting for thee!

I'm kneeling by thy grave, Katy Darling;
This world is all a bleak world to me;
Oh, couldst thou hear my wailing, Katy Darling,
Or think love, I'm sighing for thee;
Oh, methinks the stars are weeping,
By their soft and lambent light,
And thy heart would be melting, Katy Darling,
Couldst thou see thy lone Dermot this night.
Oh, listen, sweet Katy,
For the wild flowers are sleeping, Katy Darling,
And the love-birds are nestling in each tree;—
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy Darling,
Or know love, I'm kneeling by thee?

'T is useless all my weeping, Katy Darling,
But I'll pray that thy spirit be my guide,
And that when my life be spent, Katy Darling,
They will lay me down to rest by thy side;
Oh, a huge great grief I'm bearing,
Though I scarce can heave a sigh,
And I'll ever be dreaming, Katy Darling,
Of thy love ev'ry day till I die.
Farewell then, sweet Katy;
For the wild flowers will blossom, Katy Darling,
And the love-birds will warble in each tree;
But in heaven I will meet thee, Katy Darling,
For there, love, thou'rt waiting for me!

'Tilda Horn.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Hall and Son, New York.

I was raised in Mississippi, where the sugar-cane grows tall,
And I loved a pretty yellow girl, much sweeter than them all.
She left the place one moonlight night—we sorrow'd much to part;
No token did she leave me, but her picture on my heart.
And I moan, and I groan, all alone, all alone.

Chorus.

But fretting won't do for a darkie of this figure—
Time enough for that when he gets a little bigger;
Dancing with the yellow girls, and shucking out the corn,
Will make him forget 'Tilda Horn.

While ago I got a letter from her, thinking, as I sat,
If I met her, how she'd like me, in my stylish Kossuth hat.
'Twas the last I heard about her, and since then I'm much in dread
That she's married to another man, or else she must "gone dead."
In despair, I declare I is crack'd, that's a fact.

Chorus. But fretting won't do, &c.

Now I go about, down in the mouth, and stockings down at heel;
Like Massa Shakspeare's Hamlet, too, I'm touch'd up here I feel.
His uncle gave him good advice—mine took my clothes in pawn;
And all to raise the cash to dress—deceitful 'Tilda Horn.
Oh! this wool I could pull, this poor heart is so full.

Chorus. But fretting won't do, &c.

Since the Shakspeare's coming in my head, I'm like Othello, too,
The victim of my jealous fears, I don't know what to do;
Desdemona lost his handkerchief—that wasn't much to lose;
But 'Tilda took my 'bacca-box, my shirts and Sunday shoes.
Now I stray all the day, from the gay far away.

Chorus. But fretting won't do, &c.

Come, Darkies, Come.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Hal and Son, New York.

Come, darkies, come, 'tis the hour for pleasure;
Let mirth prevail then, without measure;
And while old Time on restless wing
Does fly, oh, we will gaily sing—

Chorus.

A merry merry song; Tral lal li-e-o!
We will prolong; Tral lal li-e-o!
Till the break of day; Tral lal li-e-o.
Calls us away, away; Tral lal li-e-o!
Come, darkies, come, 'tis the time for fun;
What sport we'll have, when our work is done.
Oh, who in this big world of strife
That envies the poor darkies' life!

Come, Pompey, come, and bring your tambo,
And Julius too, with bones and banjo.
While Sambo tunes up his violin,
For to have a dance upon the green—

Chorus.

With the girls so gay; Tral lal li-e-o!
We will sing away; Tral lal li-e-o!
Till old Massa's horn; Tral lal li-e-o!
Tell us 'tis morn, 'tis morn; Tral lal li-e-o!
Come, darkies, come, &c.

To the huts again ourselves we'll take,
To breakfast on the good hoe-cake;
And before old Sol peeps o'er the hills,
You'll find us in our Massa's fields—

Chorus.

With the scythe and hoe; Tral lal li-e-o!
Away we'll go; Tral lal li-e-o!
To work so gay; Tral lal li-e-o!
Till another holiday, holiday; Tral lal li-e-o!
Come, darkies, come, &c.

Hush-a-bye, Baby.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

When but a little fellow, I'd nothing else to do
But run about on errands, and black young Massa's shoe.
The case is very different now; I has to hoe and rake,
With scarcely time, o' mornings, to eat my corn-meal cake.

Chorus.

But I dig, dig, dig, dig, dig a-dig,
Dig all the livelong day;
The worst of áll troubles, to a darkie is to dig,
Though he aint troubled, much with the pay.

Old Missus tried persuading, and old Massa he did fret,
Because young Massa was away, accumulating debt;
Old Massa sent a letter to young Massa, with advice
For the future to do better, and to marry something nice.

Chorus. But I dig. dig, &c.

So my young Massa Harry kinder sorter shook his head,
Resolved at once to marry, as he ought to, so he said;
And he found a planter's daughter, very pretty, rich and tall,
Went right away to court her; pleased the lady, friends and all.

Chorus. But I dig, dig, &c.

The summer had departed, and gone where all the flowers;
Cold autumn had arrived, with all its misty, moisty showers,
When home came my young Massa, with a very sweet young bride,
Far sweeter than the honeycomb, without a bit of pride.

Chorus. But I dig, dig, &c.

With old familiar faces, young Massa stay'd at home,
Never went to balls or races, never felt inclined to roam;
At last there came a little child, in the rosy month of June,
And the old folks, and the young folks, all began this self-same tune.

Chorus.

Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,—
Down comes rock-a-bye, cradle and all.

The Belle of Winyaw Bay.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Hall and Son, New York.

The moon was shining brightly
Upon the old corn-field;
The darkies there tripp'd lightly
The old Virginia reel;
The darkies was a dancing
With step so light and gay,
When came the lovely Dinah,
The Belle of Winyaw Bay.

Chorus. The darkies was a dancing
With step so light and gay,
When came the lovely Dinah,
The Belle of Winayw Bay.

She gave one look of pleasure
Upon that happy scene,
Then joined in tromping measure
To the sound of the tamborine;
And when the tired darkies
For any thing did pray,
'Twas for the lovely Dinah,
The Belle of Winyaw Bay.

Chorus. And when the tired darkies, &c.

Then she did give them water
To cool the darkies' throats,
And then she caper'd gaily
To the banjo's mellow notes:
And when the old horn sounded
Just at the break of day,
They bless the lovely Dinah,
The Belle of Winyaw Bay.

Chorus. And when the old horn sounded, &c.

Though well she loved old Massa,
And prayed that he might live,
Yet when there was a dancing
She had a foot to give;
Then here's to that sweet beauty
That stole my heart away,
The black-eyed girl, sweet Dinah,
The Belle of Winyaw Bay.

Chorus. Then here's to that sweet beauty, &c.

Poor Foolish Joe.

Now Rosa's gone, her soul has fled,
U-li o-li a-li ee!
To that peaceful home made for the dead.
U-li o-li a-li ee!
Upon the bed her body lies,
Joe kneeling down, with weeping eyes;
Her friends around the bed do go,
And whisper, "Don't be foolish, Joe."
U-li o-li a-li ee!

Chorus. He courted Rose in Tennessee,
U-li o-li a-li ee!
'Neath that old familiar tree.
U-li o-li a-li ee!

Next day they buried Rosa Lee,
U-li, &c.
It was a sorry sight to see;
U-li, &c.
Joe took his last cold kiss of love—
Dear Rosa, we shall meet above;
His mind gave way beneath the blow,
He then indeed, was "Foolish Joe."
U-li, &c.

Chorus. He courted Rose, &c.

Joe's manly form began to waste;
U-li, &c.
He wander'd up and down in haste;
U-li, &c.
He look'd with vacant stare around,
Then threw himself upon the ground;
He thought he heard a voice so low,
That whisper'd, "Don't be foolish, Joe."
U-li, &c.

Chorus. He courted Rose, &c.

He wander'd many a day and night,
U-li, &c.
To the spot where they first love did plight;
U-li, &c.
He sat beneath that good old tree,
Where Rosa sat beside his knee,
And as the gentle breeze did blow,
He thought he heard that "Foolish Joe."
U-li, &c.

Chorus. He courted Rose, &c.

Two days from that, a passer-by,
U-li, &c.
Saw the form of poor Joe lie;
U-li, &c.
He could not from his Rosa part,
It was too much—it broke his heart.
The slaves, as by that tree do go,
Pause and weep for faithful Joe.
U-li, &c.

Chorus. Joe, too, sleeps in Tennessee,
U-li, &c.
'Neath that old familiar tree.
U-li, &c.

Poor Old Joe.

Oh, where's that old grey darkey gone, that used to work the hoe,
In Massa's field to till the ground, long time ago?
You ask us where that darkey's gone, that good old darkey, Joe—
He's gone to see the elephant, down, down below.

Chorus.

Poor old Joe, he used to work the hoe and play the old banjo,
Long time ago!

He had no teeth, and he was blind; his wool was white as snow;
But Massa to old Joe was kind, long time ago.
He used to fish for frogs and eels, that good old darkey Joe,
'Till grim death took him by the heels, down, down below.

Chorus. Poor old Joe, &c.

He used to chalk the numbers down, and keep his years just so;
His age it was a hundred and forty, long time ago;
But death has caught old Joe at last, tho' he was loath to go;
He's in the corn-field sleeping fast, down, down below.

Chorus. Poor old Joe, &c.

The Rose of Baltimore.

'Twas on a public promenade,
One bright October morn,
I saw a sweet and lovely maid
On the tide of fashion borne.

Her lips were like a cherry
  Just blushing on the tree;
Her voice, oh! it was merry
  As fairies' song at sea.

Chorus. Oh! a lovelier maid I never saw before;
  With eyes so bright,
  Like stars at night,
The Rose of Baltimore.

I've roved o'er many a billow,
  Like a tameless mountain-child;
I've made the rock my pillow,
  In the Arab desert wild:
I've slept in the Peri's bower,
  On Persia's dreamy shore,
But I never found a flower,
  Like the Rose of Baltimore.

Chorus. Oh! a lovelier maid, &c.

One night, when I was dreaming,
  ('Twas a dark and stormy night,)
Her form, like moonlight gleaming,
  Burst on my vision bright.
I told her of my passion deep,
  I tried to tell her more;
But soon she vanished in my sleep—
  The Rose of Baltimore.

Chorus. Oh! a lovelier maid, &c.

I often roam through Market Street,
  As I have roamed before,
But now, alas! I never meet
  The Rose of Baltimore.
'Tis true that there bright eyes still beam,
  With Cupid's magic lore,
But my heart is with its early dream,
  The Rose of Baltimore.

Chorus. Oh! a lovelier maid, &c.

The Dark' Who "Totes" the Target.

You may talk about the heroes great,
That die for fun and glory—
About the 'lustrious names that blaze
In ancient song and story;—
There's none of them can shine with him,
Who, ev'ry 'casion suiting—
The dark' who totes the target
When the boys go out a-shooting.

Chorus. They come together,
With sword and feather,
With trumpets, drums, and hooting,
And with the mark
Brings up the dark',
When they go out a-shooting.

O, Pompus Cæsar he is some
When, in the fixings decked, sir,
With martial tread he walks along—
Eyes right, and head erect, sir.
The coloured girls all wink at him,
Their fancy always suiting—
The dark' who totes the target
When the boys go out a-shooting.

Chorus. They come together, &c.

And if the foe should dare invade
Again, our peaceful shore, sir,
You'll find the boys will muster strong
And beat them as before, sir;
And rushing for the glory, too,
The dark', all 'casions suiting,
Who bears aloft the bull's-eye
When the boys go out a-shooting.

Chorus. They come together, &c.

The Old Log Hut at Home.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Down by the river our log hut stands,
Where father and mother once dwelt,
And the old door-latch that was worn by our hands,
And the church where in prayer we knelt;
Years, years have pass'd since that happy time,
But the river keeps rolling along,
And rippling sound on the mossy bank,
Is singing the same old song.

Chorus. Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream,
All that is past is gone, you know,
The future but a dream.

There stands the tree we used to climb,
And the mill with its rolling din,
And the old wharf-boat there it used to float
Where the school-boys used to swim.
High grass grows on the master's grave,
And the river keeps rolling along,
And the birds and the bees, the blossoms, the trees,
Are singing the same old song.

Chorus. Row, row, row your boat, &c.

Aunt Dinah Roe.

O, well I remember old Aunt Dinah Roe—
Her eye dim with age, and her wool like the snow—
The lived in a hut near the river Pee Dee,
And more than a mother was Dinah to me;
For she was the first one to learn me a tune—
The first one that taught me to trap the old coon—
And long as the blood in this body shall flow,
I'll 'member with gratitude Aunt Dinah Roe.

She was good to the poor darkey—loving and mild—
She'd joke with the old folks or play with a child—
She'd frown at the wrong act, but smile at the right,
And every one loved her, the black and the white;
And often, when smoking her pipe at the door,
The birds would fly in and hop over the floor;
For they knew, though they saw the old cat on the chair,
That puss couldn't hurt them, for Dinah was there.

She'd sigh with the sorrowing—laugh with the gay—
Tend on the sick-bed, or join in the play—
The first at a funeral, wedding, or birth—
The killer of trouble or maker of mirth.
She spoke her mind freely—was plain as the day—
But never hurt any by what she might say.
If she once made a promise, it never was broke,
And her friends would all swear to what Dinah had spoke.

One beautiful morning, at break of the day,
I stopped at the old hut, when passing that way—
I opened the door—what an object was there!—
My dear old Aunt Dinah was dead in her chair!
We buried her under an old willow tree,
Where many a time she had froliced with me.
Even Massa wept for her, though she was his slave;
And Towser, her faithful dog, died on her grave.

Night Funeral of a Slave.

In the bright sunny South, at the close of the day,
To the mansion there came a grief-stricken slave—
"The coffin is there, and the people all say,
That master must come before he goes to the grave."
"It was my poor John," the good master replied;
"A servant more faithful there never could be,
For all his life long, till the day that he died,
No friend could be truer than John was to me.

A Christian more humble there's not in the land.
A heart that was kinder to man was ne'er given;
I stood by his death-bed, and took his cold hand—
The last words he spoke were, 'O, meet me in Heaven.'"
He laid his soft hand on that cold, icy brow,
And dropped on the pillow a warm, manly tear;
Then said, "If like him we would try to live now,
In death we should, like him, have nothing to fear."

They came to the funeral from plantations round,
To bury the slave, at the dead hour of night;
A death-song they sang, as they walked to the ground,
With pine-torches blazing, to give them their light.
They let him down gently, in the grave dark and deep;
On the coffin with earth, from eyes dark and dim,
Fell softly the warm tears, as in love they did weep,
Whilst the minister prayed they might all die like him.

Pompey's Grave.

In a lone cypress swamp, where the wild-roaring bull-frog
The echoes awake with his deep, thrilling tones—
Old Pompey lies there, and the plantation watch-dog
A requiem howls o'er his deep-sunken bones.

Chorus.

Though the lightning-bugs flash, and the 'skeeters are singing,
He starts not, he wakes not, he's free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep—he is quietly grinning—
He never shall hunt for the possum again!

Ho! ebony shade, where now are the nation
Of young dark's that rushed, when thou led'st them on?
All mournful they gather about the plantation,
And weep for the old dark' departed and gone.

Chorus. Though the lightning-bugs flash, &c.

Spiritless Pompey! the earth cannot bind thee;
For, like the 'coon-fire that goes out in the damp,
So thou hast gone out, leaving nothing behind thee
Save thy old bones, which repose in the *swamp.*

Chorus. Though the lightning-bugs flash, &c.

Seraphina Tell.

Oh, white folks, listen unto me, I'll tell you what befell
A very fair young coloured girl, named Seraphina Tell;
She was so sweet and fancy, her eyes they were so bright,
You'd think there was a new full-moon, when she walked out at night.

Chorus. Oh, Seraphina Tell! Oh, Seraphina Tell!,
You are the sweetest coloured girl
That in this town does dwell.

I took her to the ball one night, she was the raging belle,
And all the darkies fell in love with Seraphina Tell;
She danced with so much grace and ease, and turned upon her heel—
One darkey laughed himself to death, to see her dance a reel.

Chorus. Oh, Seraphina, &c.

I danced with her till morning's light; I saw its flashing beam
When she fell fainting in my arms—the lovely Seraphine.
I asked her if I'd see her home—her eyes upon me fell—
She said, "Dear Sam, of course you can,"—sweet Seraphina Tell.

Chorus. Oh, Seraphina, &c.

I took her home that very night, she never more arose,
But down into the cotton-field her body there repose;
And now, white folks, my story's done, I hope it's pleased you well;
For I shall never, never see, my Seraphina Tell.

Chorus. Oh, Seraphina, &c.

Sweep-oh Refrain.

Before the day breaks, with my brush and my scraper,
To sweep up the chimneys along I now totes,
With my blanket around me along I do caper,
My voice may be heard with the mocking-bird's notes.

Chorus. Sweep oh! sweep oh! oh, oh!

Oh! oh! Rock Susannah, Santa Anna, aunt Hannah,
Mary Tanna, Biscianna, with old Jemimianna,
Come down and open the door—ha! ha
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

Chorus.

With tamborine pounding, and banjo loud sounding,
When day's work am done, oh, we darkies have fun,

As through the streets we are singing,
  Ever, ever happy, ever blithe and gay,
To old Massa money bringing,
  A little keep, ourselves to pay.

With my cap o'er my eyes I was upwards descending,
  And loudly I sings when I gets to the top;
I got thinking of Rosa, and over was bending,
  When I fell down the next flue, bang into a dinner pot.

Chorus. Sweep oh! sweep oh! oh, oh!

Oh! oh! Rock Susanna, Santa Anna, and all the other Annas,
Come down, and don't keep a poor darkey waiting in the cold—
And open the door.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

Chorus. With tamborine pounding, &c.

The Darkey Sleighing Party.

Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh—
Joyfully we glide along,
Only listen to our song.
Over the bridge, down by the mill,
Then upset upon the hill;
Set 'em up, the sleigh-bells ring,
While we darkies laugh and sing.

Chorus.

Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry, merry, merry, merry sleigh--
  Go-a-long! &c.

Oh, shall we go a-sleighing, a-sleighing, a-sleighing?
The white horse shall pull us o'er the snow-covered plain;
On good whiskey punch, cakes and sausages regaling,
Oh, then we will slope to our homes back again.

Chorus. Jingle, jingle, &c.

The trees of the forest, sleigh-runners shall lend us,
With an acorn cap, and an oak-bark shell;
With coon-skins to warm us, and bells to attend us,
O merrily we glide to the sound of the bell.

Chorus. Jingle, jingle, &c.

Jingle, jingle, on we go,
Capes and bonnets in a row;
The old whip snaps, the girls all funny,
Hurry up that peach and honey.
See the old horse how he blows
Like a steam-pipe from his nose,
And the boys their snow-balls fling,
As the merry sleigh-bells ring.

Chorus. Jingle, jingle, &c.

Dinah's Wedding Day.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Vanderbeek, New York.

Huzza, huzza, the day has come, Miss Dinah's to be married,
Oh, glad am I, for that's a fact, for very long she's tarried;
Bring out the corn, the hoe-cake too, the gumbo and the cream,
And don't forget the wedding-cake, on which each dark' must dream.

Chorus. For we will dance and sing all night,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza!
And play the banjo till daylight,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
We'll dance and sing, like any thing,
Huzza, huzza, huzza!

Oh, Dinah's the prettiest girl that ever you did see,
And there was once a time, she throw'd sheep's-eyes at me;
But now those days are past, and this poor child's forsaken—
Alas! and well-a-day:—You Pomp, fetch back that bacon!

Chorus. For we will dance and sing, &c.

Just hear that darkey, shut up that there mouth:
Wed with you my Dinah dear, my Venus from the South?
Come let us dance and sing, laugh and be jolly,
Dinah, that sweetest girl, has married Cuff, by golly!

Chorus. For we will dance and sing, &c.

The Darkey Blackberrying Party.

Come, darkies, get your hats—darkies, get your hats!
Come along, and never tire
Picking of the fruit, picking of the fruit—
But be careful of the briar.
Blackberries growing, growing! darkies fetch the sack—
When they're red they're always green, but when they're ripe they're black!
Oh, darkies, get your hats—darkies get your hats!
Come along, and never tire
Picking of the fruit, picking of the fruit—
But be careful of the briar.

Oh, how they tear the darkey's hands,
  And stick into their tender feet;
But with such luscious-coloured fruit
  The pickles come along with the sweet.
Crows around us flying, only listen to their "caw;"
The blackbird's notes replying, bid 'em hold their under jaw.
Oh, there was fun, ha! ha! oh, there was fun, ha! ha!
The darkies' sides now shake. Sambo, just look there!
"Why, what is that you see?" Why don't you see the snake?
You ought to see us run—you ought to see us run!
The blackberries we dropp'd 'em; the darkies run so fast, the darkies run so fast,
That the devil could not stop 'em. Oh, there was fun, ha! ha!—oh the Lawks!

We run a mile or two, we run a mile or two, before we did look back;
Some darkies they were blue, some darkies they were blue,
But the most of them was black. Two of them fell down with fright,
Right down upon the field; we thought that one of them would die,
With a rush of blood to the heel.
We felt the other's pulse, we felt the other's pulse—oh! how the dark' did shake;
The 'casion of his death, the 'casion of his death, he was troubled with a snake.
We left the other lying there—the funeral up was hurrying;
The darkey came to life again—bound to go blackberrying!
We hurried to the spot, with clubs the snake to lick;
We made a rush upon it—'twas nothing but a crooked stick!
Oh, there was fun, ha! ha! oh, there was fun, ha! ha!
Eating berries on a log;—oh, Sambo! just look there!

Why, what is that he eat? The darkey swallowed a
frog!
Eating berries on a log—eating berries on a log—
Oh, how the dark' did swill 'em!
The way he lam'd 'em in, the way he lam'd 'em in,
Two cart-loads couldn't fill 'em.
Oh, there was fun, ha! ha!—oh, the Lawks!

Uncle Gabriel, the Darkey General.

Oh, my boys, I'm bound to tell you;
Oh! oh!
Listen awhile, and I will tell you;
Oh! oh!
I'll tell you little 'bout Uncle Gabriel;
Oh, boys, I've just begun.
Hard times in old Virginny.

Oh, don't you know old Uncle Gabriel?
Oh! oh!
Oh, he was a darkey General,
Oh! oh!
He was the Chief of the Insurgents,
Way down in Southampton.
Hard times in old Virginny.

It was a little boy betrayed him,
Oh! oh!
A little boy by the name of Daniel,
Oh! oh!
Betrayed him at the Norfolk landing;
Oh, boys, I'm getting done.
Hard times in old Virginny.

Says he, How d'ye do, my Uncle Gabriel?
Oh! oh!
I am not your Uncle Gabriel,
Oh! oh!
My name it is Jim McCullen;
Some, they calls me Archey Mullin.
Hard times in old Virginny.

The whites, they fought him and they caught him,
Oh! oh!
To Richmond court-house they did bring him,
Oh! oh!
Twelve men set upon the jury;
Oh, boys, I'm most done.
Hard times in old Virginny.

They took him down to the gallows,
Oh! oh!
They drove him down with four grey horses,
Oh! oh!
Brice's Ben, he drove the wagon;
Oh, boys, I'm most done.
Hard times in old Virginny.

And there they hung him and they swung him
Oh! oh!
And they swung him and they hung him,
Oh! oh!
And that was the last of the darkey General;
Oh, boys, I'm just done.
Hard times in old Virginny.

Happy are We, Darkies so Gay.

Happy are we, darkies so gay!
Come, let us sing and laugh while we play
The darkey minstrels' favorite lay,
With a ha, ha, ha, ha, and laugh while we pla
Music delicious,
O, then how sweet!
Your kind applauses
We hope to greet.

Chorus. Happy are we, &c.

The songs that we sing, some of them are fine;
The chorus is good, when we all do combine.
We always are then so happy and gay,
We laugh and we sing, ha, ha, ha, while we play.
Singing delicious,
O, then, how fine!
We darkey minstrels
At night we do shine!

Chorus. Happy are we, &c.

Ma'm'selle Augusta—she is so fine
In dancing and playing in the pantomine!
We darkey minstrels, with blacken'd face,
Comes the cachuca and polka with grace.
Dancing delicious,
O, then how gay!
We'll dance and we'll sing
'Till the break of day.

Chorus. Happy are we, &c.

Would I Were a Boy Again.

Oh, would I were a boy again,
When every day seemed two or three;
I fell asleep upon the floor,
And dreamed of happy days to see.
My mother's voice, how sweet 'twould sing;
She said I was her love—her joy.
I touched the corn-stalk fiddle-string,
And then she called me one of the boys.

Chorus. Oh, would I were a boy again, &c.

But now I'm old, and am not young;
  My mother, she is dead and gone;
I hear the songs she used to sing;
  One of them was Miss Lucy Long,
Upon the future I look back,
  And see the days that now are scant.
Oh, would that I were young again,
  But now you see I'm old, and can't.

Chorus. Oh, would I were a boy again, &c

Santee's River Side.

Oh, swiftly passed those happy days,
  By the old Santee's side,
Where sweet young Jenny promised me
  She soon would be my bride;
And when the moon her gladsome rays
  Cast o'er the silvery tide,
Oh, then what rapture filled this heart,
  By the old Santee's side.

Chorus. Oh, then what rapture filled this heart, &c

But those bright days were doomed, alas
  To wither and decay;
My Massa sold sweet Jenny, dear,
  And sent her far away.
No more together will we stray
  In all our youthful pride;
No more we'll whisper tales of love
  By the old Santee's side.

Chorus. No more we'll whisper tales of love, &c.

I see the trees hang o'er the path,
  I hear the sweet birds sing,
They only mock my sorrow, and
  With grief my poor heart wring.
At eventide I've sought that spot,
  And laid me down and cried—
There's nought but sorrow now for me
  By the old Santee's side.

Chorus. There's nought but sorrow now for me, &c.

Oh, Dearest Dine.

A cutting of the sugar-cane is this here darkey's fun,
It makes him laugh, when he does think that all his work is done;
And then to that old white-washed hut, this darkey does repair,
For he knows within that same old hut his Dinah's waiting there.

Chorus.

Oh, dearest Dine, I'd like to make her mine,
And if I was but rich enough, in diamonds she should shine.

When working in the 'bacca-field, a darkey said one day—
Now, Julius, if you marry Dine, we all will run away.
Says I, My boys, I can't do that, for Massa won't agree,
And I'll never marry lovely Dine, unless he sets us free.

Chorus. Oh, dearest Dine, &c.

One day, when mowing of the hay, old Massa said to me—
Now, Julius, if you marry Dine, I'll set you darkies free.
So, now unto the North we go, and there we live so fine,
And through the streets I promenade, along wit lovely Dine.

Chorus. Oh, dearest Dine, &c.

The Coon-Hunter's Bride.

Sam Johnson had a daughter fair—
Fair as darkey's child could be;
Luscious lips and raven hair,
Pearly teeth, and step so free;
But love shot dart through Rosa's heart—
A young coon-hunter, stout and bold,
Oft sought the shade where Rosa stray'd,
And many the witching tale he told.

Chorus. Fly o'er the hills away with me,
Fly o'er the hills, love, whispered he;
Hil-li-o! hil-li-o!
Fly o'er the hills away with me.

But she, that lovely one, was sought
By crook-shin darkey, far away;
The time was fixed, the ring was bought,
And then came Rosa's wedding-day.
Round coal-fire bright, the friends at night
Make merry with the 'spiring cheer;
But one was there who wildly stare,
And whisper'd in the maiden's ear.

Chorus. Fly o'er the hills away with me, &c.

A boat rode on the glassy stream,
And far the moon rode in the sky;
And then, I ween, two forms were seen,
And swiftly from the shore they fly!
Now down the tide how softly glide
That hunter and his stolen fair—
Long may they stray o'er hills away,
And live and love forever there.

Chorus. Fly o'er the hills away with me, &c.

My Lucy so Fair.

My Lucy was fair to behold,
She was the pride of the whole plantation;
She was worth her weight in gold—
The fairest yellow girl in the nation.

Chorus. Then sing to the memory
Of my Lucy so fair;
She has gone, she has left me,
And for naught do I care.

When with her, oh how gaily
We frolic'd away the leisure hours;
We danced and sung daily
As we gather'd the cotton-flowers.

Chorus. Then sing to the memory, &c.

But my Lucy began to fade,
Her beauty to wither like the rose;
Soon she in the grave was laid;
It grieves me much, and my heart it froze.

Chorus. Then sing to the memory, &c.

Sweetly she sleeps in the grave,
'Neath the shade of the stately palm-trees.
In mournful silence they wave,
As they're ruffled by the summer's calm breeze.

Chorus. Then sing to the memory, &c.

Oh, my heart now is broken,
And soon must my spirit depart this earth—
Now my last words are spoken,
"Lay me near Lucy, in the land of my birth."

Chorus. Then sing to the memory, &c.

Lizzy Lee.

The moon is shining, Lizzy Lee;
So lovely is the day;
Your faithful darkey comes to thee,
With banjo for to play.
Then, Lizzy Lee, O, list to me,
And hear this loving song,
And do not say, "O, go away,
You, darkey, get along."

We've sung together, Lizzy Lee,
Together hoed the field;
Together we have often danced
'Pon light fantastic heel;
For you I've played the banjo string,
Beneath the cypress tree;
For you this faithful darkey sighs—
For you, O, Lizzy Lee.

O, Lizzy Lee! O, Lizzy Lee!
If love me you will never,
I'll go and drown me in the sea,
By jumping in the river.
And when I'm buried in the grave,
I'll no more sigh for thee;
But darkey ghost will come and say,
"O, fickle Lizzy Lee."

The Yellow Rose of Texas.

There's a yellow girl in Texas
That I'm going down to see;
No other darkies know her,
No darkey, only me;
She cried so when I left her
That it like to broke my heart,
And if I only find her,
We never more will part.

Chorus. She's the sweetest girl of colour
That this darkey ever knew;
Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
And sparkle like the dew.
You may talk about your Dearest Mae,
And sing of Rosa Lee,
But the yellow Rose of Texas
Beats the belles of Tennessee.

Where the Rio Grande is flowing,
And the starry skies are bright,
Oh, she walks along the river
In the quiet summer night;
And she thinks if I remember
When we parted long ago,
I promised to come back again,
And not to leave her so.

Chorus. She's the sweetest girl of colour, &c

Oh, I'm going now to find her,
For my heart is full of woe,
And we'll sing the songs together
That we sang so long ago.
We'll play the banjo gaily,
And we'll sing our sorrows o'er,
And the yellow Rose of Texas
Shall be mine forever more.

Chorus. She's the sweetest girl of colour, &c.

Sarah Day.

I'll sing you a song of a lovely charmer, one Sarah Day—
She lived with me in Alabama, where often she did say,
My dearest Bones, my lovely Bones, this heart was made for thee;
But oh, you darkies beware, beware, for oh how false was she.

Chorus.

Farewell, thou lovely Sarah, farewell, Sarah Day!
Farewell, thou false one, Sarah, farewell, Sarah Day!

I've worked from morn till night with Sarah, beneath the shady lime,
And often thought, though 'twas but fancy, I'd win her yet in time;
We talked and sang love-rhymes together, sitting on the ground;
She often sighed, and called me dearer than all the darkies round.

Chorus. Farewell, thou lovely Sarah, &c.

I could not eat, for love had made me like the fish in yonder stream;
My brother darkies did not know me, for a shadow I did seem.
Beside the stream I met my Sarah, one fairy moonlight night,
And fondly swore I'd ever love her, if she'd become my wife.

Chorus. Farewell, thou lovely Sarah, &c.

She said my love was nought but fickle, as changeful as the moon,
And swore she ne'er would die a maiden, but would get married soon.

Away she went, and quickly married my hateful rival, Flare;
The last I heard, she had a baby, a squalling son and heir.

Chorus. Farewell, thou lovely Sarah, &c.

Then learn from me, ye love-sick darkies, should you e'er fall in love,
That this one left me a broken-hearted and a dejected cove;
And though they sing and smile so softly, and look so blithe and gay,
Remember, once again, I pray you, poor Bones and false Miss Day.

Chorus. Farewell, thou lovely Sarah, &c.

We'll have a little Dance To-night, Boys.

Oh, listen to this good old tune,
And then I'll sing another;
Oh, Massa gone this afternoon
To call upon his brother.
So, darkies, wait a little while
Till he gets out of sight;
We'll drop the shovel and the hoe,
And have a little dance to-night.

Chorus. We'll have a little dance to-night, boys
And dance by the light of the moon

I want the cambric handkerchief,
I want the beaver hat;
Oh, hand me down the high-heel boots,
Likewise the silk cravat.

The darkies all are grinning,
Their teeth look very white,
'Cause they're going over the mountain,
To have a little dance to-night.

Chorus. To have a little dance to-night, &c.

I get up at the break of day,
To take my morning walk;
I meets my lovely Julian,
And this is the way we talk.—
I say, You are my only love,
You are my heart's delight;
Won't you go over the river,
To have a little dance to-night?

Chorus. We'll have a little dance to-night, &c.

Nelly Bell.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by J. W. Porter, Philadelphia.

Oh, place me in that same dear spot
Where lies my Nelly Bell—
'Tis near that well-remembered cot
'Neath the willow in the dell.
'T was by the side of the bright rill,
That near her father's old hut door,
I heard the lips of my sweet Nell
Say she loved young Cæsar Moore.

Chorus. There, dearest Nell, I oft have met—
Dark curls flowed o'er her head—
I think I see her dear face yet,
Though she's sleeping with the dead

'Twas on a dark and stormy night,
When riding side the hill,
As the lightning flash'd, the horse took fright,
And dashed into the rill.

There she was drowned, my dearest maid,
And found close by the shore,
And in the cold grave she was laid,—
Sweet flowers I planted o'er.

Chorus. There, dearest Nell, &c.

Singing Darkey of the Ohio.

White folks, come listen to the story
Of a singing darkey, tall and young,
Well-known in all his chanting glory.
Throughout every State, his banjo rung
In steamboat, rail-car, farm or village;
His music charmed all ears with joy;
Among yellow girls' hearts he made great pillage,
For he was a tall young darkey boy.

Chorus. Oh-ho, oh he was all the go,
Was this singing darkey of Ohio;
Oh, what a-go, what a-go, what a-go,
Was this singing darkey of the Ohio, &c.

Oft ladies, on their rich plantations,
Would listen to this black Apollo's lay,
And charmed by his vocal sinivation,
Dark maidens tried to slope with him away;
With his teeth like white corn grinning,
And his white eyes rolling wide,
Some merry song to the banjo spinning,
Oh, how the coloured girls they sighed.

Chorus. Oh-ho, oh he was all the go, &c.

Heigh-ho, the boatman row,
Floating down the river the Ohio!
The boatman is a lucky man,
None can do what the boatman can;
Makes fast his boat, and jumps on shore—
Spends his money, and works for more.

Chorus. Heigh-ho, the boatman row &c.

The Old Virginia State.

Oh, we come from the mountains
  Of old Virginny State;
We're a band of darkies
  From the heel unto the pate;
With a band of music,
  Now go singing through each State.

We have left our darkie parents
  In old Virginny State;
They bid us good-bye,
  And we bid them good bye-er;
We are true coloured singers,
  We make the old earth ring, sirs.

We have ten other brothers,
  And we've sisters one and t'other,
With one father and one mother,
  In old Virginny State.
With all of us together,
  We're a smashing woolly string.
Oh, handsome bleating black sheep,
  And our history we sing.

Yes, while the air is ringing
  With our banjo and singing,
We to you the news are bringing
  From the old Virginny State.
We're the tribe of Sambo,
  And their several names we'll sing.

Cudjoe, Banjo, Pompey, Cæsar,
  Rawbone, Jawbone, Cuffee, Sneezer,
Juba, Jumbo, Pete, and Egg-eye,
  And Twolips are our names;
    We're the sons of Dinah,
      Of the tribe of Sambo,
    And now we touch the banjo,
      And sing you our Virginia song.

We're all real darkies,
Our hair and lips are curled,
And we hope to please you,
And sing it through the world.

Iuzza! huzza! huzza!
Like our old dads before us,
Who used to join in the chorus—
The coons will run before us
When we give the loud huzza!
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Jenny Lyle.

My Jenny was a blithesome lass,
And gentle as the doe;
Her breath was sweet as clover-grass,
That in the spring-time grow;
Her eyes were lit with mellow ray,
And then her beaming smile,
That round the lips like sunbeams play,
Of lovely Jenny Lyle.

Chorus. But she is dead; sweet Jenny's dead!
We ne'er shall see her more—
She sleeps beneath the cotton-boughs,
On Mississippi's shore.

Ier voice was like the rippling stream
That sings down in the dell—
Its zephyr-cadence always seem
In this lone heart to dwell.
The robin listened on the tree—
With sadden'd thought the while—
So soft, so sweet the melody,
Of lovely Jenny Lyle.

Chorus. But she is dead, &c.

All things that clustered round her feet,
All things that glow aboon—
The warbling birds and flowerets sweet,
The shining stars and moon;
And all the darkies in the land
Had sought for many a smile,
To win the gentle heart and hand
Of lovely Jenny Lyle.

Chorus. But she is dead, &c.

The Gal from the South.

Old Massa owned a coloured girl—
He bought her at the South;
Her hair it curled so very tight
She could not shut her mouth.
Her eyes they were so very small,
They both ran into one,
And when a fly lit in her eye,
'Twas like a June-bug in the sun.

Chorus. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
The gal from the South;
Her hair it curl'd so very tight,
She could not shut her mouth!

Her nose, it was so very long,
It turned up like a squash,
And when she got her dander up
She made me laugh, by gosh!
Old Massa had no hooks or nails,
Or nothing else like that,
So on this darkie's nose he used
To hang his coat and hat.

Chorus. Ha, ha, ha, &c.

One morning, Massa, going away,
He went to get his coat,
But neither hat nor coat was there,
For she had swallowed both;

He took her to a tailor shop,
To have her mouth made small;
The lady took in one long breath,
And swallowed tailor and all!

Chorus. Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Shining Moon.

Last night, when the moon was beaming,
I strolled with my Lucy love;
The flowers were sleeping around us,
And the stars were shining above.
We walked along by the brook-side,
Where I never wandered before,
And we heard the waters gurgling
Their notes by the pebbled shore.

Chorus. Oh, silver-shining moon,
Guide Ephraim on his way,
And soon you'll see he'll married be--
Oh! what a happy day!

The night-hawk had sung his song,
The owl sang in the tree,
The whippoorwills were waltzing
Around my girl and me.
I asked her if she would have me;
A blush came o'er her cheek,
Her heart it palpitated,
But Lucy could not speak.

Chorus. Oh, silver-shining moon, &c.

Oh, then I take her in my arms,
And tried to make her speak;
The tears as pure as drops of dew,
Roll'd down her sable cheek.
At length she whispered in my ear,
And said she would have me soon;
I kiss'd away the dewy tears,
And danced by the light of the moon.

Chorus. Oh, silver-shining moon, &c.

The Old Jawbone.

The jawbone hung in the kitchen hall,
The sea-bass shone on the white-wash wall;
There was old Jim Brown loved fun and was gay,
He kicked up the deuce on a holiday.
Old Jim he saw, with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, Sam Johnson's bride;
While she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be
The new moon for that company.

Chorus. Oh, the old jawbone, oh, the old jawbone.

"I've eat all the sea-bass," now she cried,
"So stop for a minute, I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Johnson, make sure you're the first to trace
The clue to my secret hiding-place!"
She ran out of the kitchen; the darkies began
To hunt all round, and find her if they can;
And Johnson, he cried, "Where 'bout you hide?
I'm weary without you, my own black bride!"

Chorus. Oh, the old jawbone, &c.

They hunt her that night, they hunt her next day,
They hunt her all round when a week pass'd away;
In the short, and the long, in the big hollow log,
Young Johnson hunt wildly with aid of the dog;
And years flew by, and his grief at last
Was told as the coloured tale did pass,
And when Johnson came in, the young darkies cried,
"See the old one sobs for his long-lost bride."

Chorus. Oh, the old jawbone, &c.

At last an old log, long covered with brush,
Was found in the swamp; the darkies did rush,
And a tapering form lay mouldering there,
In the dark-coloured skin of the lovely fair.
Oh, hard was her fate; like the sportive frog,
She hid from her love in the hollow log,
The brush was thrown over, and her coloured bloom
All faded away in the old log tomb.

Chorus. Oh, the old jawbone, &c.

About twelve o'clock, at the hour of one,
A figure appears, and it strikes you dumb!
It has no flesh upon its bones;
It shakes its teeth—it laughs—it groans!
It seizes you by the wool of the head,
And it shakes you about 'till you're almost dead!
It rings in your ears, "I was murder'd there!"
And that's what they call the old nightmare.

Chorus. Oh, the old jawbone, &c.

The Heart-broken Darkey.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Hall and Son, New York.

Dear darkies, I'll tell you of sorrow and woe,
And the cause of this poor darkey's sadness;
I have met with a most calamitous blow,
Which has driven me almost to madness;
She was pale as the light that's lit by the moon,
And her voice like the song of the dove—
Her teeth were like pearls, her eyes like the coon,
She looked like she was from above.

Chorus.

This poor child is sick of this humbuging world,
For all that he loves is in another.
How dear to this heart was that yellow girl,
Though she never knew that I loved her.

When I saw her at first, she was young and gay,
And how lovely did look and behave—
I saw her at last, on the fatal day
That she was laid in the grave.
I loved her not wisely, but loved her too good,
And of it I never did speak;
Congealment preyed on like the worm in the mud,
And eat all the flesh off my cheek.

Chorus. This poor child is sick, &c.

This poor heart am bursted, I can love no more,
And almost to frenzy am driven—
I wish I was dead and my sorrows all o'er,
I know I shall meet her in heaven.
The world has no feelings, they're cold as the stones,
There's no balm for the wounded heart;
In the grave-yard there's room for this poor darkey's bones—
To the grave-yard I want to depart.

Chorus. This poor child is sick, &c.

Carry me Back to Old Virginia's Shore.

When I was young in old Virginia,
I worked from day to day
Among the flowery hills and fields,—
To me it was but play;
But now I'm growing old and lame,
My bones are getting sore—
Then carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia shore.

Chorus. Oh, carry me back, &c.

Oh, if I could be young again,
I'd lead a different life,
I'd save my money and buy a farm,
With Dinah for my wife;
And when too old and feeble grown,
I could not work any more,
In greenwood shade I'd lay me down,
On old Virginia's shore.

Chorus. Oh, carry me back, &c.

And when at last in death I sleep,
Lay the banjo by my side—
Oh, bury it with me in the grave,
For here it was my pride.

Then peacefully I'll take my rest,
And dream forever more,
They carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

Chorus. Then carry me back, &c.

Sukey Lane.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Hall and Son, New York.

Last fall I was so very ill,
This spring I am the same;
This heart is sinking all the time
For pretty Sukey Lane.
The darkies all do wonder so,
And say what's in a name,
That I should talk so all the day
Of pretty Sukey Lane.

Chorus. Oh, Sukey, Sukey Lane,
Oh, Sukey, Sukey Lane,
This heart is sinking all the time
For pretty Sukey Lane.

Miss Sukey's going to leave me
In trouble and in pain,
But she has been so very kind,
I wish her back again.
I got so sick old Massa call;
The doctor did complain,
And said, "He'll grieve himself to death
For lovely Sukey Lane."

Chorus. Oh, Sukey, Sukey Lane, &c.

He feels my pulse, he shakes his head,
Says he, "'Tis very plain,
This heart is breaking for the love
Of pretty Sukey Lane."

They saw it was so very true,
They gave me Mary Blane,
But now I wish they had her back,—
I want my Sukey Lane.

Chorus. Oh, Sukey, Sukey Lane, &c.

Nancy Shore.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Vanderbeek, New York.

Oh, come my boys and hark to me,
I've something fine to tell you all·
To-morrow night is my birth-day,
I'm bound to have a ball.
The fiddles we'll have and the banjo too,
And the bones with their merry, merry click,
As Nancy Shore is to be there;
Oh, Nancy Shore's a brick.

Chorus. Then she's the girl to dance with me,
Oh, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
She's the girl to dance with me,
Oh, la, la, la, la, la, la.

In the old barn behind the house,
Is where I'm going to have a dance,
We'll all go in and take a jig
With pretty, pretty Nance;
I've got a girl for Julius there,
As pretty a girl as ever was seen,
And a black-eyed girl as is to dance
To Pompey's tamborine.

Chorus. Then she's the girl, &c.

We'll have ice cream and lemonade,
And little cakes and something more,
And then, old boys, just think of this,
We'll have our Nancy Shore;

Oh, Polly Potts, and Kitty Ann,
They both said they'd be sure to come;
But Nancy Shore I'll tell you what,
That bright-eyed girl is some.

Chorus. Then she's the girl, &c.

Remember, boys, and try to come;
You must be there by eight o'clock,
As Nancy Shore told me to-day,
She'd come in her new frock;
A pretty foot, with little toes,
Will skip upon the old barn floor,
And now we'll give three hearty cheers,
To Nancy, Nancy Shore.

Chorus. Then here's to thee, dear Nancy Shore, &c.

Oh, Dinah Dear.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Millett, New York.

Oh, Dinah dear, thy Gumbo's here,
Waiting beneath the old gum-tree;
The stars of night are far less bright
Than is my Dinah's eyes to me.
The mocking-bird's note, which on the air floats,
Is thrown in the shade when Dinah sings.
Then Dinah dear, thy Gumbo's here,
While soft he strikes his banjo strings.

Give but one smile, to cheer this child,
And your own Gumbo will away;
Then all the day work will seem play,
And while I'm thinking of Dinah I'll be gay
And like the grape-vine which round the oak twine,
Oh, Dinah dear, to Gumbo cling;
Then Dinah dear, thy Gumbo hear,
While soft he strikes his banjo strings

DUETT.

Now, Gumbo, do not tease me so;
I say again, and that quite plain,
Your serenading is no go,
Your love I do disdain.
Oh, stop that horrid banjo sound,
Now, Gumbo, pray no longer stay,
Old bossy soon will be around,
Now cut your stick away.

Gumbo. Dinah, let me in!
Dinah. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!
Gumbo. Wherefore do you grin?
Dinah, let me in!
Dinah. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!
Gumbo. Dinah, let me in
Before the break of day!

Old Virginia Never Tire.

In Virginia's land, where corn-stalks grow, where the darkies are so gay,
With spade and hoe, and away they go to work till the close of day.
When work is done and night is come, 'tis the darkies jubilee;
The girls so sweet. they look so neat and merry as can be.

Chorus.

The fiddle sing, the banjo ding, Virginia never tire;
To laugh and sing is just the thing we darkies do admire.

Oh, happy is the darkey's life, when, hunting for the coon,
He has the fun with the dog and gun to catch him very soon;

When Towser spy the darkey's eye, and through the woods he run,
To track the coon by the silver moon, that is the darkey's fun.

Chorus. The fiddle sing, &c.

But now I'm old, and cannot play as I used to do before,
When the fiddle sing and the banjo ding—them happy days are o'er;
To Virginia land I bid adieu, and with a parting sigh
I'll bid farewell to all of you—it almost makes me cry

Chorus. The fiddle sing, &c.

Susan Rayne.

When I was taken from my home,
Down in Virginia State,
They parted me from one I loved,—
Sad story to relate.
All day I wept, at night I cried,
"Oh, take me back again
Unto my own dear happy home,
To my poor Susan Rayne."

Chorus. Oh, pity my poor Susan Rayne,
No friendly voice to cheer her now—
Oh, pity my poor Susan Rayne,
She'll never smile again.

They sold me to a Southern man,
I did his pity gain,
He loosed me from the cruel yoke,
And sent me back again.
But oh, I could not Susan find,
My own dear Susan Rayne;
They told me she was dead and gone,
And sleeping on the plain.

Chorus. Then pity my poor Susan Rayne,
Deep sorrow broke her aching heart—
Then pity my poor Susan Rayne,
We'll never meet again.

All night I sat upon her grave,
And sorely I did cry,
"Awake! awake! my love, awake,
Or let me with thee die;
For in this wretched world of woe
I ne'er shall rest again,
Until I'm sleeping by thy side,
My own dear Susan Rayne."

Chorus. Oh, pity then poor Susan Rayne, &c.

The M. P.'s Musical Invitation.

[The M. P. invites Miss Snow to accompany him on a short tour up the East river, she having been detected in "stealing trash," alias a purse. Broder Bones is too much affected with the incident, so he requests Mr. Johnson to sing it.]

Oh, just you now come here,
And your future home shall be
Where naughty spirits rove,
In the pen-i-ten-tia-re—
In the peni—peni—
In the pen-i-ten-tia-re.

There are spirits ripe to dare
In the caverns they call cells,
And to clip thy raven hair
There a barber always dwells.
In a tiny little boat
Thou shalt stem the river's tide,
Or in a prison-car
Sit with "M. P." by your side

Chorus. So just you now come here, &c.

Ah, believe that there you'll dwell,
And the tarry ropes entwine,
And that every wretched cell
Has a task as hard as thine;
Ropes as long as thou canst pick,
Soup as weak as e'er was made,
Naught but straw within the tick,
Taught to learn a useful trade.

Chorus. So just you now come here,
And your future home shall be
Where naughty spirits rove,
In the pen-i-ten-tia-re—
In the peni—peni—
In the pen-i-ten-tia-re.
Come, come, you must make haste,
Come to the pen-i-ten-tia-re,
To the pen-i-ten-tia-re;
Come, I pray, make haste
To the pen-i-ten-tia-re.

See, Darkies, See!

Burlesque from the Opera of "La Somnambula."

First Voice. See, sir, see!
Second Voice. Oh, who can this be?
Third Voice. Yes, the mill there, the rocks and the treeses,
And the duck-pond and the geeses!

As I view now these scenes so charming,
With fond remembrance my heart is warming,
Of days long vanished, of days long vanished;
Oh, this chest!—oh, this chest is filled with pain,
Finding darkies that still remain,
While those days and those nights,
And that must never come again.

First Voice. Ah, who is he, sir! can you tell?
Second Voice. He surely knows this place full well?
Third Voice. Finding darkies that still remain,
While those days and those nights,
And that must not come again:
Oh, that form there brings some remembrance,
Gentle darkies—oh, what strong resemblance!
First Voice. To whom?
Third Voice. To my poor Lucy Neal, to my poor Lucy Neal,
And if I had her by my side, how happy I should feel.

Chorus. To his poor Lucy Neal, to his poor Lucy Neal,
And if he had her by his side, how happy he would feel.

Third Voice. Away down in Alabama, not far from Old Mobile,
There dwelt a pretty yellow girl, her name was Lucy Neal;
Her coal-black eyes, her curly locks, around her neck did steal,
Which early taught my heart to love my pretty Lucy Neal.

Chorus. To his poor Lucy Neal, &c.

Third Voice. Oh, what strong resemblance!
Yes, those black eyes my heart impressing,
Fill my breast with thoughts distressing—
Long since dead, long since dead, and passed away;
She was like thee just about the heel,
Was my lovely Lucy Neal.

Chorus. To his poor Lucy Neal, &c.

THE END.

CONTENTS OF CHRISTY'S PLANTATION MELODIES, NO. I

I planted there upon her grave
The weeping-willow tree,
I bathed its roots with many a tear,
That it might shelter me.

Chorus. For good old Jeff, &c.

Old Dog Tray.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Firth, Pond, & Co., New York.

The morn of life is past
And evening comes at last,
It brings me a dream, of a once happy day,
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

Chorus. Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away;
He's gentle, he's kind—I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own
Have vanished one by one—
The loved ones, the dear ones, have all passed away—
Their happy smiles have flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.

Chorus. Old dog Tray's ever faithful, &c.

When thoughts recall the past
His eyes are on me cast,
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say,
Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek
A better friend than old dog Tray.

Chorus. Old dog Tray's ever faithful, &c.

I Long for My Home in Kentuck.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by J. C. Beckel, No. 3, North Tenth St., Philadelphia.

I long, how I long for my home in Kentuck,
With its fields where I labored, so green,
Where the possum and the coon, and the juicy wild duck,
And the 'bacco so prime, I have seen;
There I've fished from the banks of the Masella creek,
And oft, in the shade of the night,
Have I watched with my gun, nigh the old Salt Lick,
For the game as it come to my sight.

Chorus. There is my old cabin home,
There is my sisters and brother,
There is my wife, joy of my life,
My child, and the grave of my mother.

That hut, my dear home, my log-cabin home,
With the bench that I stood at the door,
Where, weary at night, from my work I would come,
And there rest, ere I stepped on its floor.
The calabash vine, that then clung to its walls,
Oh! 'tis dear in my memory still to me,
And my master, who lives in his own handsome halls;
Not so happy as then I could be.

Chorus. There is my old cabin home, &c.

But that cabin is far, far away from me now,
I am far from the scenes that I love,
Far away from that wife who once heard me vow
That forever I faithful would prove—
My friends are still there, and still there is my child,
And still there, all in life, I most crave—
Still there is that mound, with its flowers so wild,
That covers my old mother's grave.

Chorus. There is my old cabin home, &c.

Lily Dale.

Twas a calm, clear night, and the moon's pale light
Shone soft o'er hill and vale,
When sad-hearted friends stood around the death-bed
Of my poor, sweet Lily Dale!

Chorus.

O, Lily! sweet Lily! dear Lily Dale!
Now the wild roses wave o'er her little green grave,
'Neath the trees in the blooming vale!

Like a fair flower white, on that sad, still night,
Swept by some icy gale,
On her couch of snow, in her beauty bright,
Lay my dear, sweet Lily Dale!

Chorus. O, Lily! sweet Lily! dear Lily Dale! &c.

"I go," and she smiled, as we wept o'er the child,
"To that sinless, happy vale,
Where a kind hand shall wipe all pain from the brow
Of your poor, dear Lily Dale!"

Chorus. O, Lily! pale Lily! sweet Lily Dale! &c.

The moon went down 'neath the forest brown,
And the stars grew dim and pale,
And the death smile wreathed the white, cold lips,
Of my poor, lost Lily Dale!

Chorus. O, Lily! sweet Lily! dear Lily Dale! &c.

Where the flowers bloom o'er her lonely tomb,
'Neath the trees of the leafy vale;
Sweetly sleepeth in peace, while the bright birds sing,
My loved, my dear Lily Dale!

Chorus. O Lily! pale Lily! lost Lily Dale! &c.

Pierce's (localized) The Other Side of Jordan.

Of all the banjo songs that have been sung of late,
There is none that is now so often called on,
As the one I sing myself, and apply it to the times,
It's called "On the other Side of Jordan."

Chorus. I take off my coat, and roll up my sleeves,
Hard road to travel over Jordan,
Throw off my coat, and roll up my sleeves,
Jordan is a hard road to travel I believe.

Around the Crystal Palace there are a great many shows,
Where all the green ones are drawn in—
There are snakes and alligators, mammoth mules and big potatoes,
That were raised upon the other side of Jordan.

Chorus. I take off my coat, &c.

The Sovereign of the Seas, she went to Liverpool,
In less than fourteen days, too, according,
Johnny Bull he wiped his eyes, and looked with surprise,
At this clipper from the Yankee side of Jordan.

Chorus. I take off my coat, &c.

The ladies of England have sent a big address
About slavery, and all its horrors, according,
They had better look at home, to their own white slaves,
That are starving on the English side of Jordan.

Chorus. I take off my coat, &c.

They have got a bearded lady down at Barnum's show,
And lots of pictures outside, according,
She's going to take her eye-lashes for a pair of mustaches,
For to travel on the other side of Jordan.

Chorus. I take off my coat, &c.

There were snakes in Ireland many years ago,
Saint Patrick saw the varmints a crawling,
He up with his shelalah and hit them on the head,
And drove them to the other side of Jordan.

Chorus. I take off my coat, &c.

Oh, the big Hippodrome, it makes a mighty fuss
When all of their trumpets get a-sounding—
The ostrich kicked the camel, and then he got mad
And started for the other side of Jordan.

Chorus. I take off my coat, &c.

The steamer Atlantic is a mighty fast craft,
And she beats the Cunarders according,
And I shouldn't be surprized, if in a short time,
That she'd make the quickest trip up the Jordan.

Chorus. I take off my coat, &c.

The Duchess of Southerland, she keeps the Stafford House,
The place where the "Black Swan" is boarding;
At a musical party, they asked her for a song,
And she gave them—On the other Side of Jordan.

Chorus. I take off my coat, &c.

The office-seekers have all been in a stew
About the cabinet and the chances according,
And for one that get's a place, there will be a small crowd
That will get them—on the other side of Jordan.

Chorus. I take off my coat, &c.

There's the case of "Costa," that has made so much talk,
The Austrians they tried for to maul him,
But Captain Ingraham said, if they didn't let him go,
He'd blow them on the other side of Jordan.

Chorus. I take off my coat, &c.

But all the world must know, wherever we may go,
Our government will be ready in affording
Protection alike to all, both the great and small,
That hail from the Yankee side of Jordan.

Chorus. I take off my coat, &c.

Our great father, Washington, he was a mighty man,
And all the Yankees do their fighting according,
They will raise the flag of freedom wherever they can,
Till they plant it on the other side of Jordan.

Chorus. I take off my coat, &c.

Etty Way, or Good-bye, Boys.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Stewart & Co., No. 210, Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

Oh! don't you remember, pretty Etty Way,
That gentle form, long since passed away—
A little slab of marble, with Etty graved on top,
And a little mound of clay, marks the quiet spot.

Chorus.

Good-bye, boys, I'm off for home, far across the bay,
The whip-poor-will will knell the death, the death of
Etty Way.

They laid her where the spring-time comes,
Where mocking-birds sing, and bees do hum.
Her spirit, like birds at eve, has flown far away,
To find a better home for gentle Etty way.

Chorus. Good-bye, boys, &c.

Etty was so gentle, kind, and good to all,
She played the old banjo, which hung upon the wall—
Etty's voice was low and sweet, like the little bird,
Thom soft and gentle tones that I've so often heard.

Chorus. Good-bye, boys, &c.

The little cottage home is lonely and still,
Her warm dimpled cheek is now cold and chill—
Well do I remember when warm was that breast—
All is now silent and sad round the place where she rests

Chorus. Good-bye, boys, &c.

Sweet Lilla Brown.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Oliver Ditson, No. 115, Washington Street, Boston.

My Lilla was a charming gal,
She was raised away down south,
And the prettiest features in her face
Were the lips around her mouth.
Stop the dance, stop the song,
Lay the banjo down,
For she is now in the happy land,
Sweet Lilla Brown.

Chorus. Stop the dance, stop the song, &c.

Her voice was all melodious,
Like the sound of a silver fip;
And when she walked around the room,
She sailed just like a ship.
Her feet, they were so very long,
That when she turned around
She fell into the Southern bay,
And there she run aground.

Chorus. Stop the dance, stop the song, &c.

That was her end, and no mistake,
Oh! how this darkey cried,
He smothered his solemcholyness
With oysters—raw and fried;
But now, Oh my! she's dead and gone,
Way down in the Southern bay,
The oysters sing her lullaby
To my lovely darkey fay.

Chorus. Stop the dance, stop the song, &c.

She's Black, But That's no Matter.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, Published by Firth, Pond, & Co., New York.

My Dinah, dear me, she's as beautiful quite,
As a star that shines calmly at the close of the night—
A voice like a syren, a foot like a fay—
"She just such a gal you don't meet every day."

Spoken. But she's black!

Chorus. I know she is, but what of that,
You'd love, could you look at her,
I'd have her just the way she is,
She's black, but that's no matter.

She lives on the banks of a bright-flowing stream,
In a cabin that might have been built in a dream,
Surrounded by roses, and woodbines, and leaves,
"That twine and climb lovingly up to the eaves."

Spoken. But she's so very black!

Chorus. I know she is, &c.

If ever I marry this dark color'd maid,
You'll believe in the truth of what I have said;
I love her because her complexion will keep,
"And they say that all beauty is only skin deep."

Spoken. But she's black!

Chorus. I know she is, &c.

Ho! Ho! for Ginger Bluff.

I live near Ginger Bluff, along with 'Tilda, dear,
And near my old hut runs, the river deep and clear—
There Joe and Cæsar dwell, along with Pompey Puff,
And all are happy there, around old Ginger Bluff.

Chorus.

Ho! ho! for Ginger Bluff—Ha! ha! for Ginger Bluff,
For all are happy there around old Ginger Bluff.

The sun sometimes shakes hands with Venus and with Mars,
And every night the moon cuts capers with the stars—
A comet sometimes comes, oh! ain't he up to snuff,
And whisks his fairy tail around old Ginger Bluff.

Chorus. Ho! ho! for Ginger Bluff, &c.

I thought my 'Tilda once did sing the sweetest tune,
It was the loveliest song I ever heard in June;
I thought my darkey bride sung sweet and clear enough,
But now the gals all sing around old Ginger Bluff.

Chorus. Ho! ho! for Ginger Bluff, &c.

Then come to Ginger Bluff, the cotton-fields are white,
And if we work all day, we'll gaily dance at night—
We nothing have but fun, Old Massa's good enough,
No trouble's ever seen, around old Ginger Bluff.

Chorus. Ho! ho! for Ginger Bluff.

Will no Yaller Gal Marry Me?

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, Published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

All the gals are getting married, dropping off on every side—
Ah, I fear too long I've tarried, seeking, sighing for a bride—
Seeking, sighing for a bride;
Listen now, all darkey beauties, I am handsome, as you see—
Will no yaller gal marry, marry, will no yaller gal marry me?

I could get a weeping-widow almost any day, *of course*,
Or a lady rendered single, by a—by a *late divorce!*
But I want a pretty rose-bud, full of fun and full of glee—
Will no yaller gal marry, marry, will no yaller gal marry me?

Oh! in pity, don't deny me, let me end this weary life;
I could swim the wide Atlantic, could I thereby gain a wife;
I'm in earnest, I am pleading here upon my bended knee—
Will no yaller gal marry, marry, will no yaller gal marry me?

Slow.

All is over, I am married, what a hasty *fool* was I—
Where's the end of all creation, let, oh, let me hither fly—
Help! oh, help me, Mister Lawyer, cut the rope and set me free,
I will sell myself forever, if you will unmarry me!

Fare You Well!

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Colborn & Field, No. 154, Main Street, Cincinnati.

Hark! my love, O come and listen!
The evening gale is sweetly singing,
The stars are shining on the river,
The moon is in the quiet sky.

Chorus. Come, my love, unto the window,
Listen while I play the Juba,
Then I'll float away down the river—
O! Fare you well!

Oh! my dear, O, do come listen,
My song upon the night air stealing,
Will fill thy heart with sweetest feeling
While I sing this melody.

Chorus. Come, my love, &c.

Throw them eyes down on thy lover,
From thy blooming rosy bower
Give this dark a single flower
To thy memory.

Chorus. Come, my love, &c.

The evening star is fast a-waning,
The night is dark, the clouds are raining,
Here thy Sambo stands a-waiting—
Hurry, my dearest Juliana.

Chorus. Come, my love, &c.

Poor Old Jessy.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Lee & Walker, No. 188, Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

Old Jessy once was young like us,
Could hoe the cotton well,
But now he's passing away from us,
Like the dew-drop on the hill.

Chorus. Then pity poor old Jessy,
And wipe the tear-drop from your eye,
For Jessy's going to leave us soon
And in the ground to lie.

Old Jessy's hair is grey and long
Like the moss upon the tree,
And his teeth dropp'd out of the old jawbone;
But soon he will be free.

Chorus. Then pity poor old Jessy, &c.

Old Jessy can't play his old banjo,
His fingers are stiff and sore,
They tremble so the bones do crack—
He'll play—no—never more.

Chorus. Then pity poor old Jessy, &c.

He used to go out in the oyster-boat,
Far, far away from shore;
But he never will go out again—
Echo answers, nevermore.

Chorus. Then pity poor old Jessy, &c.

Take Me Home.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Take me home to the place where I first saw the light,
To the sweet sunny South, take me home,
Where the mocking-bird sung me to rest every night—
Ah! why was I tempted to roam!
I think with regret of the dear home I left,
Of the warm hearts that sheltered me then,
Of the wife, and the dear ones of whom I'm bereft,
And I sigh for the old place again.

Chorus.

Take me home to the place where my little ones sleep,
Poor massa lies buried close by,
O'er the graves of the loved ones I long to weep,
And among them to rest when I die.

Take me home to the place where the orange trees grow,
To my cot in the evergreen shade,
Where the flowers on the river's green margin may blow
Their sweets on the bank where we played.
The path to our cottage they say has grown green,
And the place is quite lonely around,
And I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen,
Now lie deep in the dark mossy ground.

Chorus. Take me home, &c.

Take me home, let me see what is left that I knew—
Can it be that the old house is gone?
The dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few,
And I must lament all alone.
But yet I'll return to the place of my birth,
Where my children have played at the door,
Where they pulled the white blossoms that garnished the earth
Which will echo their footsteps no more.

Chorus. Take me home, &c.

Pompey's Trip to New York.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Henry M'Caffrey, Baltimore.

I came to New York city, a month or two ago,
A-hunting for that lady, my Aunty Sarah Rowe.
I saw her friends; they said she'd gone away,
They told me in the city it was no use to stay.
She take away the dollars and put them in her pocket,
She laid her hand upon it, and there she safely lock it;
They said if massa come for me, then they would quickly meet
And make a lion of me, and give me enough to eat.

Chorus.

Oh! oh! oh! my Aunty Sarah Rowe!
How could you leave the country, and sarve this darkey so?

They treated this here child as tho' he was a Turk,
Then told me for to leave them and go away to work;
I couldn't get no work, I couldn't get no dinner,
And then I wish this fugitive was back in old Virginny.
Oh! when I was a picanin, old Uncle Tom would say,
Be true unto your master and never run away.
He told me this at home, he told me so at parting,
Pomp, don't you trust the white folks, for they are quite unsartin.

Chorus. Oh! oh! oh! &c.

Old massa's very kind, old missus' gentle too,
And much I love my Dinah, in old Virginny true.
Now I'll go back and stay there, and never more will roam—
Lor' bless the Southern ladies, and my old Southern home.
But don't come back, Aunt Sarah, in England make a fuss,
Go talk against your country, put money in your purse,
And when we happy darkies you pity in your prayer,
Oh! don't forget the WHITE SLAVES that's starvin' over there!

Chorus. Oh! oh! oh! &c.

The Old Churchyard.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Stewart & Co., No. 210, Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

Tread softly round, here lie the dead
Beneath the grassy mound,
And death is here, in silence spread—
All is gloom around;
Tread softly then, though cold it blows,
All must soon decay,
And the folks I loved, beneath repose—
They have passed away.

Chorus. Oh, when I lay me down to rest
In the ground so cold and hard,
Bury me by the folks I love the best,
Bury me in the old churchyard.

Cold winter made the old house creak,
For all was dark outside,
And tears roll down my mother's cheek,
Sitting by the fireside.
Of another home she oft would tell,
And gently shake her hand,
A home where all good darkies dwell
Far in another land.

Chorus. Oh, when I lay me down to rest, &c.

Yes, years have fled since childhood's time
And I was happy then,
The churchyard's wall I used to climb
With my brother Ben.
In the old churchyard he sleeps
Beside my mother dear,
The churchyard bell tolls, the darkies weep
For the folks that are sleeping here.

Chorus. Oh, when I lay me down to rest, &c.

Sally Primer.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

I courted Sally Primer, a little while ago;
  I thought we were exactly matched,
But found it was no go.
  I told her I would hang myself if she didn't marry me—
She, smiling, turned to me and said:
  Marry you!—why, no "sir-ee."

Chorus. Lovely Sally, charming Sally,
  Do not treat him so,
  For if you do he'll go and drown,
  Or shoot himself, I know.

I took my Sally walking out, one pleasant afternoon,
  And down Broadway we went so gay,
To Taylor's new saloon.
  I read the "bill of fare," and asked, What will you have, my dear?
She eat three stews with six ice creams,
  And a quart of lager beer.

Chorus. Lovely Sally, &c.

To make her presents, I went and pawned the coat from off my back,
  And when she'd got them all, she took
And then gave me the sack.
  They say she's got another "beau," and sweetly smiles upon him,
But if he ever marries her
  May the Lord have mercy on him.

Chorus. Lovely Sally, &c.

My Childhood's Happy Home.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Oh, give me back my home again, my childhood's happy dream,
When onward, free from grief or pain, flowed life's untroubled stream—
Tho' borne across the foaming sea, to distant climes I roam,
Still memory fondly clings to thee, my childhood's happy home.

Chorus.

My home, my home, my childhood's happy home,
Still memory fondly clings to thee, my childhood's happy home.

And when my toilsome journey's o'er, and life draws near its close,
I'll turn unto my native shore, to seek my wished repose—
And then thro' weary sorrows passed, the evening bright will come,
And then my sun will set at last, in childhood's happy home.

Chorus.

My home, my home, my childhood's happy home—
And then my sun will set at last, in childhood's happy home.

Emma Gray.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Henry M'Caffrey, Baltimore.

Fairest coloured blossom,
Louisiana's pride,
Fairer is my Emma Gray
Than all else beside.
Ever, ever happy,
Joyous all the day,
Venus never was so fair
As my dear Emma Gray.

Chorus. Ever, ever happy,
Joyous all the day,
Brighter than the morning,
Is my lovely Emma Gray.

Teeth of pearly whiteness,
Eyes of darkest hue,
Could you see my Emma dear,
You would love her too.
Singing, ever singing,
In so sweet a lay,
Birds may learn their gayest notes
Of my dear Emma Gray.

Chorus. Ever, ever happy, &c.

'Twas long ago I left her,
Oh! how my heart did swell,
When taking Emma by the hand
I said, My love, farewell.
To-morrow I must leave you,
I can no longer stay;
I'll go to Louisiana State
To find my Emma Gray.

Chorus. Ever, ever happy, &c.

Katy Darling's Farewell to Dermot.

(SEQUEL TO KATY DARLING.)

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, Published by **Firth,** Pond & Co., New York.

They tell me I am dying, dearest Dermot,
And my heart with the sorrow is sore,
And my eyes with bitter tears are brimming
When I think I shall see thee no more.
Oh, we dreamed not when we parted
By the wicket in the lane,
When the wild birds were singing in the morning,
"That we should never meet again."

Chorus. Fare thee well! fare thee well!
For I'm going far away, dearest Dermot,
Far away from the bright world and thee.
I hear the angels singing up in heaven,
And I know they are waiting for me.

Thou'lt not forget the past, dearest Dermot,
Nor that night in the sweet summer tide
When I listened to thy words, low and loving,
Till I promised to be thy bride.
And oft in the purple twilight,
When the flowers are all asleep,
And the pure stars are looking on thee kindly,
"Thou wilt sit by my grave and weep."

Chorus. Fare thee well! fare thee well!
But I'll not forget thee, dearest Dermot,
And my soul, ever loving and free,
Will be stealing from the home of angels
To the earth with a blessing for thee.

Thou'st been to me a treasure, dearest Dermot,
Thy love was the light of my life,
And the last joy that withered in my bosom
Was the hope of becoming thy wife.
Oh! how can I leave thee, darling,
And never again see thy face!
Even death would be welcome, dearest Dermot,
"If he found me in thy embrace."

Chorus. Fare thee well! fare thee well!
But I will not forget thee, &c.

Old Jumbo Gum, My Joe.

Now gem'en of the coloured race,
I pray you'll attention give,
While I 'spress this 'stressing 'telligence
That happen'd where I live.

Way down in Canebreak Hollow,
Where the 'possum come and go,
In the evening, at the close of day,
Lived Jumbo Gum, my Joe.

Chorus. Old Jumbo Gum, my Joe,
Old Jumbo Gum, my Joe.

When Adam was created man,
And Eve was made his brother,
And Cain, the tiller of the ground,
For them to eat the fodder,
'Twas then the great *delusion* came
That filled the earth with woe,
But none was there as could compare
With Jumbo Gum, my Joe.

Chorus. Old Jumbo Gum, &c.

Now Jumbo Gum, as you must know,
Was relation to my mother,
And uncle to my sister's aunt,
And cousin to my father;
He was very much respected there,
As *genus* is, you know,
And a near relation to mysel
Was Jumbo Gum, my Joe.

Chorus. Old Jumbo Gum, &c.

Old Jumbo Gum he 'dopted me
When I was a little nigger.
And made for me the good corn-cake,
Until I grew much bigger.
And when old age had frost his pate
And made it white as snow,
I loved him as a father's child,
Old Jumbo Gum, my Joe.

Chorus. Old Jumbo Gum, my Joe.

One evening, on returning home
From cutting sugar-cane,
There lay the poor old darkey
With the fever on his brain;
And through the live-long night
Was filled with pain and woe,
And 'fore the dawn of morning came
Died Jumbo Gum, my Joe.

Chorus. Old Jumbo Gum, &c.

Amy Snow is Sleeping.

Oh! Amy Snow is sleeping now
Where the lovely willows wave;
Beneath the greensward, gently there
I made her quiet grave.
Tender and kind I laid her down
To take her long, last sleep,
And frantic, in my grief I knelt,
Beside her there to weep.

Chorus. For Amy Snow, for Amy Snow,
My tears they fell in vain,
And useless are they all, I know,
To bring her back again.

She sleeps, and now will never wake,
Although I call her oft,
Beseech her by the might of love
With gentle words and soft,
That she will speak once more to me
The words I love to hear;
The echo of my grief is all
That falls upon my ear.

Chorus. For Amy Snow, &c.

And often at the midnight hour,
With chill winds rushing by,
I've laid me down upon her grave
And prayed that I might die—

Have clasped with agony the earth
That covered that loved head,
Which slept unheeding of my grief,
Among the solemn dead.

Chorus. For Amy Snow, &c.

She sleeps, she sleeps, sweet be her rest,
And waving branches fair
Shall kiss the dew from off her grave,
And shed their fragrance there.
And when my life has passed away,
Then gently lay me low
Beneath the willows silently,
By my loved Amy Snow.

Chorus. For Amy Snow, &c.

The Fancy Coloured Ball.

Quartette: Oh! what enchanting pleasure,
On the light *bombastic* toe
To dance the Polka measure,
Or through the waltz to go!
'Specially with the Venus
That holds your heart in thrall,
What sweet words pass atween us
At the Colour'd Fancy Ball.
Solo: Now then, gentlemen, please to be quiet;
The ball is going to begin,
All attempt at a muss or a riot
Will cost you a kick on the shin.
Take your places and mind that your heel
Don't cause the fair ladies a fall,
Or the vengeance of all you will feel
That's 'sembled at this fancy ball.
Glee: Now the music sweetly sounds,
Bright eyes are glancing,
Chassey, croisey, round and round—
Oh! the joys of dancing!

Now is the time to whisper soft things,
Sigh as if going to expire,
Talk of that little blind boy that's got wings,
And swear that your heart is on fire.
Quartette: Oh, what enchanting pleasure,
On the light bombastic toe
To dance the Polka measure,
Or through the waltz to go.

Observe that lovely Juno
With her luxuriant head of wool;
She beats all the gals that you know,
I guess, above a jug full.
Just look how she toes and heels it
As she ballansays to the crowd,
And that coloured gent seems to feel it,
For no gobbler was ever more proud.
Solo: See, he offers a glass of ice cream
With a real silver spoon just stuck in it—
She takes it—but surely I dream,
For, by golly, 'tis gone in a minute!
Ah, she knows what ice cream is, no doubt,
For she makes it herself ev'ry day;
And I know that gent totes it about,
For I saw him last night in Broadway.
Glee: See that nig in the blue satin vest,
With his heel sticking out just a feet, sar,
Cutting such capers, and doing his best
To charm every gal that he meets, sar.
Such a darkey as that has no right at this ball,
Let's tell him to quit, and be off;
He'd two years in Sing Sing, and came out last fall,
For picking up things on the wharf.
And now he takes his pleasure
On his light bombastic toes,
And dances the Polka measure,
Or through the waltz he goes.

Solo: See that policeman just entered the place,
And he's caught that there nig by the collar,
And the gals all turn pale in the face,
And, golly, d'ye hear how they holler!

Serves him right, he had no business here,
To turn up his nose at his betters!
To the Tombs now he goes off, 'tis clear,
To have hands and feet put in fetters.
Glee: Juno's fainted quite away,
Like very small taters she feels,
To see Massa Quashee, the pride of the day,
In the jug to be laid by the heels.
But she'll soon be better, quite well I suppose,
For see, Sam is biting her thumb,
And holding a lighted cigar to her nose,
And down her throat pouring some rum.
Oh! what enchanting pleasure
To dance at a fancy ball,
For joy it gives beyond all measure,
Next day on your charmer to call.

Wait for the Wagon.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by James E. Boswell, Baltimore.

Will you come with me, my Phillis dear, to yon blue mountain free,
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest, come, rove along with me?
It's ev'ry Sunday morning when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.

Chorus. Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds they sing so sweet,
I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good to eat.
Come, listen to my story, it will relieve my heart,
So jump into the wagon, and off we will start.

Chorus. Wait for the wagon, &c.

Do you believe, my Phillis dear, old Mike, with all his wealth,
Can make you half so happy as I with youth and health?
We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig and cow,
And you will mind the dairy, while I do guide the plough.

Chorus. Wait for the wagon, &c.

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick and neat,
All braided up with dahlias, and hollyhocks so sweet.
It's ev'ry Sunday morning, when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.

Chorus. Wait for the wagon, &c.

Together on life's journey we'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no trouble, we'll reach the happy top
Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely bride,
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.

Chorus. Wait for the wagon, &c.

The Yaller Gal with the Josey on.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by F. D. Benteen, Baltimore.

I saw a dashing yaller gal,
One day upon the levee;
Her form was round, her step was light,
But, wa'nt her feet so heavy?
She cast a tender glance on me
And then my heart was gone—
Oh! she was the tearing yaller gal,
That had a Josey on!

Chorus. Oh! yes, we all remember her,
She used to hoe the corn;
But she's the darling yaller gal,
That had a Josey on!

I tipped my hat, and bowed so low,
That I could hardly straighten;
And den I ax'd her quite perlite,
That I for her was waitin'.
She blushed quite blue, and then she said,
"Your'e quite a dandy, John;"
Oh! she was the tearing yaller gal,
That had a Josey on!

Chorus. Oh! yes, we all remember her, &c

I married her that very day,
A week we lived in clover;
But soon my loved one ran away
With Joe, the cattle-drover.
And now she troubles me no more,
Good Lor'—I'm glad she's gone!
For she was the tearing yaller gal,
That had a Josey on!

Chorus. Oh! yes, we all remember her, &c.

The Jolly Old Crow.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.

On the limb of an oak sat a jolly old crow,
And he chattered away with glee, glee, glee;
As he watched the farmer come out to sow,
Says he, This is all for me, for me!

Chorus.

Look! look! how he scatters his seed all round, round, round,
He is wonderful kind to the poor, poor, poor.
If he'd empty it down in a big pile on the ground,
We could find it much better I'm sure, I'm sure.

I have watched all the tricks of this wonderful man
Who has such regard for the crow, the crow,
He lays out his grounds in a regular plan,
And plants all his corn in a row, row, row.

Chorus. Look! look! &c.

He must have a very great fancy for me,
For he has tried to entrap me enough, enough,
But I've measured the distance as well as he,
And when he comes, I'm off, I'm off.

Chorus. Look! look!—Caw! caw! &c.

The Rose of Alabama.

Away from Mississippi's vale,
With my old hat there for a sail,
I crossed upon a cotton-bale
To Rose of Alabama.

Chorus. Oh! Brown Rosey, Rose of Alabama,
A sweet tobacco posey is the Rose of Alabama.

I landed on a sandy bank,
I sat upon a hollow plank,
And there I made the banjo twank
For Rose of Alabama.

Chorus. Oh! Brown Rosey, &c.

Oh! after d'rec'ly, bye-and-bye,
The moon rose white as Rosey's eye;
Then like a young coon out so sly,
Stole Rose of Alabama.

Chorus. Oh! Brown Rosey, &c.

The river rolled, the crickets sing,
The lightning-bug he flashed his wing,
Then like a rope my arms I fling
Round Rose of Alabama.

Chorus. Oh! Brown Rosey, &c.

I hug so long I cannot tell,
For Rosey seemed to like it well;
My banjo in the river fell,
Oh! Rose of Alabama.

Chorus. Oh! Brown Rosey, &c.

Like alligator after prey,
I jump'd in, but it float away,
But all the time it seem'd to say,
Oh! Rose of Alabama.

Chorus. Oh! Brown Rosey, &c.

And every night, in moon or shower,
To hunt that banjo for an hour,
I meet my sweet tobacco flower,
My Rose of Alabama.

Chorus. Oh! Brown Rosey, &c.

Rosa Lee, or Don't be Foolish, Joe.

When I lived in Tennessee,
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,
There lived, too, sweet Rosa Lee,
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee.
Eyes as dark as winter night,
Lips as red as berry bright,
When first I did her wooing go,
She said, Now don't be foolish, Joe!
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,
Happy then in Tennessee,
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,
'Neath the wild Banana tree.

My story yet is to be told,
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,
Rosa one day caught a cold,
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee.

Sent for doctor, sent for nurse,
Doctor came, and she grew worse,
I tried to make her smile, but no,
She said, Now don't forget me, Joe!
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,
Sad was I in Tennessee,
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,
'Neath the wild Banana tree.

They gave her up, no power could save,
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee.
She whisper'd, Follow to the grave,
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee.
I took her hand, 'twas cold as death,
So cold, I scarce could draw my breath,
She saw my tears in sorrow flow,
Then said, Farewell, my dearest Joe!
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,
Rosa sleeps in Tennessee,
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee.
'Neath the wild Banana tree.

Our Hut on the Old Plantation.

Far away down is the good old farm,
Where we darkies used to dwell;
Oh! how we've often longed to see
The place we loved so well.
There first we saw the morning sun,
As it lighted up the sky;
Oh! take us back to the sweet old spot,
For there we all wish to die.

Chorus. Then darkies sing, as on we roam,
And tell throughout creation
The happy times we had at home,
Our hut on the old plantation.

Father and mother, old now and gray,
Still do hoe and shell the corn,
While we, their children, work far away
From the spot where we were born.

From our old massa 'twas hard to part,
He always was so good and kind,
And could we search the world all o'er
His like we ne'er should find.

Chorus. Then darkies sing, &c.

Oh, 'tis many years that we've been free,
But here no longer we can stay,
Our hearts they pine for our own little hut,
Down in the South, far away.
When will the happy time come round
When we darkies may go home,
And from that blessed good old farm,
We never more need roam?

Chorus. Then darkies sing, &c.

The Dandy Broadway Swell.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by H. Waters, Broadway, New York.

They may talk of dandy darkies,
But they never see this coon
A promenading Broadway,
On a Sunday afternoon.
I'm the sole delight of yaller gals—
The envy of the men—
Observe this child when he turns out,
And talk of dandies then.

Chorus. For I'm the grit, the go, the cheese,
As every one may tell;
The darkey fair sex I'm sure to please;
I'm the dandy Broadway swell.

My new sack-coat is padded,
Just to make my shoulders broad:
You'd think I was a Jupiter—
You would, upon my word.

I sometimes wear mustaches,
But I lost them t'other day;
For the glue was bad, the wind was high,
And so they blowed away.

Chorus. For I'm the grit, &c.

I sports a double eye-glass,
That shuts up in a case;
A black-silk stock, because it suits
The 'spression of this face.
My linen cuffs and collar, too,
Look beautifully white;
And so, by gosh, I think they ought,
For I wash 'em ev'ry night.

Chorus. For I'm the grit, &c.

I wears a gold-wash'd guard-chain,
That I bought of Uncle Pete;
But I left the watch for safety
With a man in Chatham Street.
With gloves, and cane, and fancy vest,
French pantaloons and hat,
With grand imperial, which I cut
From the tail of our black cat.

Chorus. For I'm the grit, &c.

I rather think Miss Chloe White
Is growing quite forlorn;
I hear it in her dulcet voice,
As she sweetly cries "Hot-corn!"
She's up to the eyes in love with me,
And so are twenty more,
For I'm such a gay deceiver
As they never saw before.

Chorus. For I'm the grit, &c.

This darkey's name is Cæsar
Mars Napoleon Sinclair Brown;
The biggest bug, de greatest coon,
That ever walk'd this town.

So take care, gals, and mind yourselves,
For if I roll this eye,
You'll give a shake, a sigh and groan,
And then fall down and die.

Chorus. For I'm the grit, &c.

Dine and Joe.

You are going o'er the mountain,
Far away from your poor Dine;
I hope you'll ne'er forget the love
Of her you leave behind.
Oh! I will dream of you, my love,
Wherever you may go;
The tears will flow into my eyes
When I think of you, dear Joe.
When you promenade the streets, Joe,
Or in the ball-room shine,
Oh! will you think of her that loves
And bears you in her mind?
With a lady on your arm,
Or sitting on your knee,
"You'll be making love to her you're with,"
And never think of me.

Oh! I'll think of thee, dear Dine,
Wherever I may roam;
My heart it will fly back to you
And make me think of home.
But if fortune leads the way,
You'll be ever in my mind;
Oh! happy, happy will I be
When I call you wife, dear Dine.
If I was king of Africa,
I would never from you roam;
I'd make you queen of this darkey's heart,
And always stay at home.
Oh! my heart with love is breaking, Dine,
I cannot leave you so—
On that she gave me one fond kiss,
And said, Farewell, dear Joe!

Dearest Mae.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Peters, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Now, darkies, come and listen, a story I'll relate,
It happened in a valley in the old Carolina State.
It was down in the meadow I used to make the hay;
I always work the harder when I think of lovely Mae.

Chorus. Oh, dearest Mae, you're lovely as the day,
Your eyes so bright, they shine at night,
When the moon am gone away.

My massa gave me holiday, I wish he'd give me more,
I thanked him very kindly as I shoved my boat from shore,
And down the river paddled, with a heart so light and free,
To the cottage of my lovely Mae, I long'd so much to see.

Chorus. Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

On the bank of the river, where the trees they hang so low,
When the coons among the branches play, and the minx he keeps below,
Oh! there is the spot, and Mae, she looks so very sweet,
Her eyes they sparkle like the stars, and her lips are red as beet.

Chorus. Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

Beneath the shady old oak tree, I've sat for many an hour,
As happy as the little bird that sports among the flowers;
But, dearest Mae, I left her; she cried when both we parted,
I gave her a long and farewell kiss, and back to massa started.

Chorus. Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

My master then was taken sick, and poor old man he
died,
And I was sold, way down below, close by the river
side;
When lovely Mae did hear the news, she wilted like a
flower,
And now lies low, beneath the tree where the owl hoots
every hour.

Chorus. Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

The Old Cottage Clock.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Henry M'Caffrey, Baltimore.

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime still rung the sweetest;
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived through nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered.

Chorus.

"Tick—tick!" it said; "quick, quick to bed,
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time, with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling.
But a cross old voice was that tiresome old clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly.

Chorus.

"Tick—tick!" it said; "quick out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning!"

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never,
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and stronger—
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!

Chorus.

"Tick—tick!" it said; "to the church-yard bed,
The grave hath given warning!
Then up and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

Coloured Fugitive's Lament.

I went from the great house down to the kitchen,
For to get a knot of light-wood, for to see to go a-fishin'.
I ran to the river, and I hop into my coonah—
The first thing I ran afoul of was a little Yankee schooner.

Massa Yankee he came running out to see what's goin' forward,
And he 'suade me for to go with him and travel in the nor'ard,
Where he told me that the black folks are freer than the white,
For they sleep all the day-time and frolic all the night.

And he'd 'sure me, if I ran away and got among the Quakers,
That I would have a tract of land of several hundred acres.
So Mas' Yankee hid me in the hold, and piled the onions 'pon me;
They fairly took my breath away, and made my eyeballs burn me.

I work'd that vessel up the bay, I pull'd the rope and sail—
Massa Yankee introduced me to the cat-o'-nine-tail;
He 'scharged me on the wharf, and call'd me bad black man,
And he never gave me one red cent to buy a little dram.

And he said that if I cut up shines, and ask'd him for the pay,
That he'd notify old massa for to come and take me 'way—
So I hung about the market, and I lived on cabbage-stalk,
Till I got so goramity weak, I 'clare, I hardly walk.

I sleep into a cellar, where there's twenty darkies more;
You would think 'twas smokey moty, if you was to hear them snore—
I constant getting sick, and I think I'm getting sicker;
(Young massa gave me picayune, to buy a glass of liquor.)

But I wish that I was back again with old massa on the bay,
For I never knowed I was a fool, till since I runned away;
For I never wanted victuals, or I never wanted clothes,
And I never hurt myself with work, that, goramity knows!

Linda's Gone to Baltimore.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

Oh! Linda's gone to Baltimore
To stay a week or two,
And till she comes safe home again,
I don't know what to do.
I take the banjo on my knee,
But cannot bear to play,
For music only makes me sad,
When Linda's gone away.

Chorus. Oh! my heart is very lonely
All the night and day;
For everything seems sad and drear,
When Linda's gone away.

I think of all the olden times
We've had when she was here;
I did not know 'till she was gone
That she was half so dear.
The flowers are blooming all around,
And all but me are gay,
For all the time I think or dream
Of Linda, far away.

Chorus. Oh! my heart is very lonely, &c.

Tho' many years have passed and gone
Since we were in our prime,
I love her more as on we roam
Adown the vale of Time!
How very much she thinks of me
I should not dare to say,
But, oh! it almost breaks my heart
When Linda's gone away.

Chorus. Oh! my heart is very lonely, &c.

Here Goes the Corn.

Come, listen, all you Northerners, while I do just relate,
What fun we darkies surely have, in old Virginny State.
'Tis true we work and then we eat, and that does make us fat;
At night, we sing and dance, and play, and all such things as that.

Chorus

Then sing aloud, and let your notes be on the breezes borne,
The happiest song that e'er was heard, Here goes, here goes the corn!

When frost has bit the hickory leaf, and the whippoorwill is gone,
And possum he is good and fat, 'tis then you hear the horn.
Oh! happy sound, that tells of fun and autumn's falling leaf,
And eating possum—gravy comes a-squashing through the teeth.

Chorus. Then sing aloud, &c.

When massa gives the husking match—ah! then's the time for fun,
And the corn all is put away, 'tis then the sport is just begun;
With a glass of grog, and supper too, each darkey shouts for joy,
And every darkey tries to show which is the smartest boy.

Chorus.

Then sing, here goes: and shout, here goes; and sing, here goes the corn, &c.

The fiddle in the barn is heard, which makes the darkies dance,
And cut more science pigeon-wings than e'er was done in France.

We dance all night till break of day, and then to home
we go,
And get a little sleep, and then to work we go, you
know.

Chorus.

We work, here goes; we sing, here goes; we shout,
here goes the corn, &c.

Poor Lizzie Lee.

In Tennessee, long time ago,
Down by the river side,
This darkey played the old banjo,
And sweetly sung his bride.
With my dear Lizzie I was glad,
Her voice sweet music made,
But now poor darkey's lone and sad,
For Lizzie's in the grave!

Chorus. They laid her in the dark, cold ground,
Her life they could not save,
And this old man's gray hairs go down
With sorrow to the grave!

Before she died, she said to me,
"Dear Sambo, when I'm dead,
I know you'll mourn for Lizzie Lee,
And many tears you'll shed;
But do not grieve for me, I pray,
I shall be happier far,
In that sweet land that's far away,
Beyond the twinkling star!"

Chorus. They laid her in the dark, cold ground, &c.

She's in the grave so dark and low,
Close by the willow tree,
And through the boughs the soft winds blow,
And mourn for Lizzie Lee!
But her sweet spirit soared away,
To heavenly mansions fair,
And now I hope for that bright day
When I shall meet her there!

Chorus. They laid her in the dark, cold ground, &c.

Old Sambo's Lament.

No more this old darkey will hoe the corn,
Or rise with the lark in the early morn,
When o'er the plantation old massa's horn
Calls me to till the soil.
They were happy days, but they'll come no more,
For old Sambo's journey is almost o'er,
And soon he will be on that happy shore
Where darkies do not toil.
Then hush all your sighs,
That this darkey dies,
And goes to his home 'way up in the skies;
For he'll work no more
On that blissful shore,
Where care and trouble are forever o'er.

No more will I hear the old tambo ring,
Or hear the darkey lads and lasses sing
The plantation songs that round my memory cling,
Now that I am dying.
They do not know old Sambo is weeping,
And that in the grave he will soon be sleeping,
Where the woodbine round the tree is creeping,
And the night-wind sighing.
Let them sing and play
'Till the break of day,
Then old Sambo's spirit will be far away,
And no more will he
Join their merry glee,
But calmly sleep 'neath the magnolia tree.

List Thee, My Dinah.

The mantle of night has spread o'er the earth,
And the stars shine with brightness above,
And the pale moon has fully shed forth
Her silvery form to hallow our love.

Chorus. Then list thee, my Dinah, list thee, my dear
'Tis thy lover who calls, wake, oh! wake;
Thy presence will nourish the love I bear—
Oh! wake, dearest, wake, oh! wake.

Oh! let my sigh reach the spot where you are,
My misery of heart 'twill relieve;
Come, bless me, my Dinah, where'er you are,
For without thee I'll sink in the grave.

Chorus. Then list thee, &c.

Wake, dearest, wake, this darkness shall brighten
And in bliss all our fortunes will end,
And the joy of my heart shall betoken
How resistless is love to the end.

Chorus. Then list thee, &c.

Mary Dean.

There was a time, long, long ago,
When life and hope were young,
And happiness, like music's flow,
Dwelt trembling on the tongue.
I loved, and was beloved by one
Whose like was never seen,
And would that fate had justice done
To my poor Mary Dean.

Chorus. This heart is sad, which did adore
That lovely beauteous queen;
I would that I could see once more,
My poor, lost Mary Dean.

Oh! she was good and kind of heart,
And very fair to see,
And through keen sorrow bore her part,
And bore it cheerfully.
Go search the world where'er you will,
Her equal ne'er was seen;
I thought so then, I think so still,
Of my lost Mary Dean.

Chorus. This heart is sad, &c.

But, ah! how swift those happy hours,
Those sunny days, flew by!
Like summer's gay, but short-lived flowers,
They blossom but to die.
For on a winter's hapless day
Death's shadow pass'd between
Our love, and from me snatched away
My darling Mary Dean.

Chorus. This heart is sad, &c.

Full many a year hath passed since then,
And many a bitter tear
Hath fallen secretly and fast,
For her who was so dear;
But one sole joy is left me yet,
For in a clime serene,
Where nought is mortal, I shall see
Again my Mary Dean.

Chorus. Then, fare thee well, why grieve so sore
For that dear beauteous queen—
We soon shall meet to part no more,
Oh! lovely Mary Dean.

The Old Banjo

I long for Saturday night to come,
To my wife's house I will go,
And there within my happy home
I'll play the old banjo.
When all the day I plant the corn
And hill up many a row,
I'm thinking of the evening-horn
That brings the old banjo.

Chorus. The old banjo, the old banjo—
The sweetest music in the world
Is the old banjo.

The pine-knot blazing in the fire
Will make a monstrous glow,
And then this darkey most desire
To pick on the old banjo.
The white folks their piano stop
And to my cabin go,
To see the picaninnys hop,
And hear the old banjo.

Chorus. The old banjo, &c.

When all the world is going wrong
And spirits mighty low,
I almost wish I never was born
To play on the old banjo.
But all these troubles when I play
Will fly like melted snow—
And then I sit the live-long day,
And pick on my old banjo.

Chorus. The old banjo, &c.

Susey Saul.

When I was young, not long ago,
In Maryland I did dwell;
'Twas there I loved a yellow girl—
Oh! wasn't she a belle!
Her form was round, not very tall
And curly was her hair;
The darkies said my Susey was
The fairest of the fair.

Chorus. Then if you see my Susey dear,
Speak kindly to her all;
Tell her the last words that I spoke,
Were, My dearest Susey Saul.

I took my love to a ball one night,
'Twas early in the fall,
And 'fore three weeks had past away,
I married Susey Saul.

In a cot we lived together,
  Down by the river side;
How happy was this darkey then
  With my lovely yellow bride.

Chorus. Then if you see my Susey dear, &c.

While working in the field one day,
  Near the tree that grows so tall,
Old Massa said he was going to sell
  My lovely Susey Saul.
In vain I pleaded for my wife,
  That we might ne'er part;
But cruelly he said, "No!"
  It almost broke my heart.

Chorus. Then if you see my Susey dear, &c.

I have nothing left to live for now,
  My wife I'll see no more,
For she died broken-hearted
  In the streets of Baltimore.
And when I'm dead and buried,
  Beneath the old stone wall,
Upon a slab these words you'll see,
  "He died for Susey Saul."

Chorus. Then if you see my Susey dear, &c.

My Lovely Kate.

'Twas when I lived, some years ago,
  In old Kentucky State,
That first I saw that lovely girl,
  My own, my darling Kate.
We worked together on the farm,
  And led a happy life,
And soon we loved each other so,
  I took her for my wife.

Chorus. But now my heart is aching,
As the story I relate,
And that heart with grief is breaking,
For I lost my lovely Kate.

Our Massa he was kind and good,
And all the darkies tried
To please him every way they could;
But soon, alas! he died.
Another white man took the farm,
Harsh, cruel, and unkind;
And I was sold, down South to go,
And leave poor Kate behind.

Chorus. But now my heart is aching, &c.

Our parting words were very sad,
And, oh! what anguish tore
My bosom, at the thought that come,
I'd never see her more.
She promised to be ever true,
Whate'er her fate might be,
And ne'er forget the vows she'd made
To love no one but me.

Chorus. But now my heart is aching, &c.

And now I'm left to live alone,
And mourn my lovely Kate;
Oh! how I wish we'd never met
In old Kentucky State.
But soon, I know, I'll follow her,
And my parting breath shall tell,
That in the grave I'd wish to lie
With her I loved so well.

Chorus. Oh! now my heart is aching, &c.

Poor Juba.

Chorus.

Strike up the banjo, sing a merry song—
Strike up the banjo, strike it very strong;
The moon is shining bright, boys, the winds have gone
to rest—
Sing with all your might, boys, sing your very best.

Poor Juba sits beneath the tree,
Alone—beside the well;
For death has killed his Emma Lee,
The dark Kentucky belle.

Chorus. Handsome, charming, lovely belle,
Death ne'er struck a fairer blossom—
Juba has no tongue to tell
Half the grief that rends his bosom.

Ten thousand stars are shining bright,
The flowers kiss the breeze,
But Juba's soul is dark to-night,
No starlight Juba sees.

Chorus. Handsome, charming, lovely belle, &c.

Hard by, the little silvery stream
Runs, singing on its way,
But Juba sits, as in a dream;
His thoughts are far away.

Chorus. Handsome, charming, lovely belle, &c.

Then gently, gently, darkies, sing,
And sad the air shall be,
For like a bird, with wandering wing,
Sits Juba—'neath the tree.

Chorus. Handsome, charming, lovely belle, &c.

Flora May.

I often think of my Southern home,
Of its genial clime so gay,
And think it is strange I now do roam,
Afar from my Flora May.

Chorus. I'll return, I'll return—
I'll return to my Flora May;
I'll return, I'll return
To where my heart once more'll be gay

Daily I think of lovely Pedee,
On whose banks I often have sat;
Then I feel that I'm not so free,
With my head in the freeman's hat.

Chorus. I'll return, &c.

Nightly I dream of the tamborine dance,
Of the step of dear Flora May,
And then when I awake from the trance,
Sadness round my heart 'gin to play.

Chorus. I'll return, &c.

I often think of the cotton-fields,
With Flora at work by my side,
And then I think another one kneels,
Asking her to become his bride.

Chorus. I'll return, &c.

There is no bite in the Southern breeze—
No cheek spread o'er with hectic glow;
And if I stay here, my life will freeze—
So back to the Pedee I'll go.

Chorus. I'll return, &c.

Now I'll return to the Southern land,
Ne'er again from it I'll stray,
And once more with joy, my heart'll expand
In the arms of sweet Flora May.

Chorus. I'll return, &c.

Boston Kate.

I've been through the United States, 'way down to Baltimore;
I've been to Massachusetts—Cape Cod along the shore;
Of all the gals I ever saw, in city or in State,
There's none I ever saw to match along with Boston Kate.

Chorus. Oh! Kate, my charming Kate,
My love is past expressing;
Of all the gals I ever saw,
You are the greatest blessing.

I've seen the black gal of the North, the Creole of the South;
I've seen the gals of Maryland that are noted for their mouth—
To get myself in Hymen's bands has never been my fate,
I'm waiting for a chance to sling myself to Boston Kate.

Chorus. Oh! Kate, my charming Kate, &c.

Oh! when I saw my Katy, this darkey throwed a sigh,
But when she 'spressed her feelings, my tears they soon did dry;
She told me that she loved me, but that I'd have to wait,
Before I could get married to my sweet Boston Kate.

Chorus. Oh! Kate, my charming Kate,
I love you to distraction,
But now you are my own wife,
I feel much gratifaction.

The Joys of July Four.

Hark! hark-ye! along our Columbian shore,
The joy-bells all ringing—'tis July four;
Glad hearts are cheering, amid the cannon's roar,
To our glo-glorious Union, for ever-evermore.

Chorus. For 'twas won by the brave,
Who, tho' now in the grave,
Ever live in our hearts, in our joys, in our songs.

Joy beams on the earth now, joy beams in the air,
Like spirits of heroes, descended to share
At this feast to our birthright; more love to inspire
For our glo-glorious Union, all true hearts desire.

Chorus. For 'twas won by the brave, &c.

The bright red of our colours is streaming to-day,
As freely stream'd forth in the battle's affray
The blood of our fathers, on hill-side and plain,
For our glo-glorious Union, again and again.

Chorus. For 'twas won by the brave, &c.

All honour to our banner, by land and by sea,
The hope o' the oppressed, the cheer o' the free—
Sing, Our banner's fair stars. "lucky stars," ever they
To our glo-glorious Union, from this natal day.

Chorus. For 'twas won by the brave, &c.

Sally Gates.

As all the darkeys they have sung about their girls of late,
I think that I will sing to you about my Sally Gates.
Her eyes, they were so very bright; her cheeks, they were so brown;
She is the greatest yaller girl that lives in this here town.

Chorus.

Oh! Sally, oh! Sally, oh! charming Sally Gates,
No other girl can match with you, in these United States.

We rise in the morning before the break of day,
And travel to the cottton-fields, though many a mile away;
And happy passed the pleasant time with Sally by my side,
And there she told me she would be none other than my bride.

Chorus. Oh! Sally, &c.

But every pleasure has a pain, I've heard the white folks say;
My Sally met a sudden death down in the fields one day.
As I to her was talking love, as she sat by my side,
A black snake bit her on the foot—she gave a grin and died.

Chorus. Oh! Sally, &c.

Old Massa he felt very bad when he saw that she was dead;
With essence of sweet peppermint, he rubbed her woolly head;
But all his trouble was no use, 'twas ordered by the Fates,
That black snake he should be the death of lovely Sally Gates.

Chorus. Oh! Sally, &c.

Serephina Tell.

Oh! darkies, listen unto me, I'll tell you what befel
A very fair young coloured girl, named Serephina Tell.
She was so sweet and fancy, her eyes they were so bright,
You'd think she was the new full moon, when she walked out at night.

Chorus. Oh! Serephina Tell, oh! Serephina Tell,
You are the sweetest coloured girl
That in this town does dwell.

I took her to a ball one night; she was the raging belle
And all the darkies fell in love with Serephina Tell.
She danced with so much grace and ease, and turned upon her heel,
One darkey laughed himself to death, to see her dance a reel.

Chorus. Oh! Serephina Tell, &c.

I danced with her till morning light—I saw its flashing beam,
When she fell fainting in my arms, my lovely Serephine;
I asked her if I'd see her home—her eyes upon me fell;
She said, Dear Sam, of course you can! sweet Serephina Tell.

Chorus. Oh! Serephina Tell, &c.

I took her home that very night; she never more arose,
But down into the cotton-field her body does repose;
And now, white folks, my story's done, I hope it's pleased you well,
For I shall never, never see, my Serephina Tell.

Chorus. Oh! Serephina Tell, &c.

The Boot-black's Soliloquy.

Dey may talk of "benefactors," but dis darkey t'inks for sartin
Dat de greatest friend he eber had, was Massa Day and Martin;
He's de most enlightened gemman, in de blackin polish line,
For if de darkey's brush don't break, de boot is bound to shine.

Dis way ob brushin' on through life is radder funny,
But neber mind! I'll go it, till I gets a little money;
And marry Dinah Brown, one of nater's culler'd wixins;
Oh, Moses! can't she make clam broff, and all de little fixins!

We'll hab a little cottage, at the foot of Canal Street,
All fitted up with second-handed furniture complete;
And while Dinah goes out washin', and cleanin' big-bug houses,
I'll hab a shop in Chatham Street for renowatin' trouses.

Den evenin's I'll lay back an' feast on cheese and cracker,
An' smoke de best short sixes, and chaw the best tobaker;
An' teach the little darkies idear how to shoot—
Oh, Lor! dare's Massa ringing, an' I hasn't done his boots

Florence Lee.

Oh! the winter winds are sighing
Over mount and valley low,
As the Old Year lies a-dying
On his pallid bed of snow;
And I hear the distant ringing
Of St. Catharine's convent-bell,
And the nuns as they go singing,
Chaunting slowly "All is well!"
All is well!" I mutter mildly;
"All is well!" but not to me;
For I loved thee, oh! too wildly,
Earth-lost angel, Florence Lee!

Such a night of last December,
On the last day of the year,
Sat we then beside the embers,
Whispering to each other cheer.
As we welcomed the new-comer,
Little thought we of the dearth
Which the bright, long-looked-for summer
Made around the homestead hearth;

Little thought we that the roses
  Thou wouldst never live to see;
For the cold earth now reposes
  On thy breast, dear Florence Lee!

Through the long, long summer-hours
  Angel-hands, upon thy grave,
Planted fair and beauteous flowers,
  For the soft south wind to wave:
Where the dew-drops of the even
  Sparkled in the morning sun,
As the stars in yonder heaven
  When the gaudy day is done:
But the winds of autumn sadly
  Wailed along the sunny lea,
Scattering all the leaflets madly
  O'er thy tomb, fair Florence Lee!

Oh! the winter-winds are sighing
  Over mount and valley low,
As the Old Year lies a-dying
  On his pallid bed of snow;
And I hear the distant ringing
  Of Saint Catherine's convent-bell,
And the nuns as they go singing,
  Chanting slowly, "All is well!"
"All is well!" I mutter mildly;
  "All is well!" but not to me;
For I loved thee, oh! too wildly,
  Love-lost angel, Florence Lee!

'Way Down in Louisiana.

'Way down in Louisiana,
  Where the green pine grows so high,
And the fragrant orange-blossoms
  With their sweets perfume the sky;

Where fish swim in the river,
And the 'coon sits on the tree,
And the lovely Creole darkies,
Oh! they are the girls for me.

Chorus. And the lovely Creole darkies,
Oh! they are the girls for me.

There droops the weeping-willow
Where the rich magnolia grows;
They have no winter weather,
Nor any stormy snows;
But have cold ice in summer,
When they take a little spree
With the lubly Creole darkies,
Oh! they are the girls for me.

Chorus. With the lovely Creole darkies, &c.

They make the sweetest sugar,
And they get the biggest price;
With plenty corn and cotton,
And the finest kind o' rice.
Then there's the big yam 'taters—
Oh! massey, how sweet they be!
With the lovely Creole darkies,
Oh! they are the girls for me.

Chorus. With the lovely Creole darkies, &c.

No place like Louisiana,
For the black man and the white;
They work hard in the daytime,
And they frolic all the night.
If I was in that country,
Oh! how happy I would be
With the lovely Creole darkies,
Oh! they are the girls for me.

Chorus. With the lovely Creole darkies, &c.

Oh Hail! Darkies, Hail!

FROM "ERNANI."

Oh hail! darkies, hail! we come
By water, by land,
The gay minstrel band,
To sing you a song at home.
Then blest was the song,
That merry old song,
That gave us the notion
To put in commotion
With music—the world!
Old Massa growled like wrath,
And swore it was a shame—
Old Missus, on the hearth,
Kicked over all the cream! *
But as the old churn cracked,
Our duds we darkies packed—
Old Massa gave us money,
And sent us on our journey;
Away our course we took,
And on and on we flew,
'Till all the darkies knew
'Twas Harmony that spoke!
Oft, when at home, on Nature's breast
Softly and calm we sunk to rest—
So soft, the flowers would scarcely move
As lay we above!
But if we came forth singing there,
Welling our music on the air,
The birds hushed singing in the trees
To list our glorious harmonies!
Farewell to those days!
That peaceful old place
We've loved well, so long,
We yield us to song!
Yes! we yield us to song

* It is very common to see a churn standing by the fire, all winter through, among the people of the South.

Now madly glad in varying glee
From time to time
Comes forth the rolling music free
In thunder chime!
And still we swell, from hearts so gay,
Our songs sublime!

Banks of Susquehannah.

On the banks of Susquehannah,
When the leaves began to fall,
There I met Miss Julia Tanner
At a fancy darkey ball.
Julia was a charming creature,
Of winning hearts she had the knack,
With beauties rare of form and feature,
Pearly teeth, and skin so black, oh!

Chorus. Oh! Miss Julia Tanner—
Oh! Miss Julia Tanner,
I never saw such a pretty girl
Since I left the Susquehannah.

On the banks of Susquehannah,
With the winter's frost and snow,
Oft would I and Julia Tanner
Both to balls and parties go;
For I loved the angelic creature,
And adored her night and day,
But de most distressful feature
Was the bills I had to pay, ah!

Chorus. Oh! Miss Julia Tanner—
Oh! Miss Julia Tanner,
She come it nicely o'er this child,
On the banks of Susquehannah.

On the banks of Susquehannah,
When the spring was in its pride,
Then I ask'd Miss Julia Tanner
To become this darkey's bride;

But the proud and haughty creature
Looked with cold disdain on me,
And with scorn on every feature
Quickly answered, No-sir-ee, ah!

Chorus. Oh! Miss Julia Tanner—
Oh! Miss Julia Tanner;
I never saw such an ugly girl
Since I left the Susquehannah!

Dinah Green.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by F. D. Benteen, Baltimore.

Oh! Dinah Green is the girl that I love,
The pride of the town, my dark-eyed dove;
She's as graceful and light as a kitten at play,
And dances divinely, the white folks say.
With the morning's sun to the fields I go,
And work all day with my shovel and hoe;
But when he goes down, with my tamborine,
I'm off to the cabin of Dinah Green.

Chorus. Oh! I long all day for the hour to come
To paddle my skiff to my Dinah's home;
For many a moment of joy I've seen
In the cane-thatched cabin of Dinah Green.

I hear that old Cæsar has said, that his son
Is to marry Miss Dinah as soon as she's won;
But Sam, I am certain, will never do that—
His heel is too long, and his nose is too flat.
He may woo all night, he may woo all day,
He may woo till the wool on his head turns grey;
He may groan till the tears from his eyelids start,
But in vain he will knock at the door of her heart.

Chorus. Oh! I long all day, &c.

One morning, as Dinah lay asleep on the floor,
A big black cat came up to the door—
She smiled in her sleep, and the monster pressed
His clay-cold lips to her beating breast.
She sprang to the door and tried to speak,
But we heard her not, her voice was weak;
And soon the flash of her deep, dark eye
Grew dim and dull, and we saw her die.

Chorus. And I long no more for the hour to come
To paddle my skiff to my Dinah's home;
And moments of joy are no longer seen
In the cane-thatched cabin of Dinah Green.

Dandy Jim's Lament.

I'm sitting on the bale, Juba,
Where we've sat the long day,
When the little darkies round us
Were busy at their play.
The cotton-plant was springing green,
And the 'tatoe in the hill
Shone yellow as the eyes, love,
Of my lost whip-poor-will.

The times are little changed, Juba,
And your Jim is lonely now,
And he wishes that the time was back
When we exchanged the vow,
When, blushing, you stood by my side,
With your soft hand locked in mine,
And I took you to this breast, the bride
Of Jim of Caroline.

The little darkies, too, that once
Clung to the fond embrace
Of you, who sleep so sweetly now,
Have gone to another place.

And our old Massa, too, has died;
They laid him in his grave,
And if in heaven we meet him, love,
We'll be no more his slave.

My head is getting gray, Juba,
And this eye is growing dim;
My back's a little bent, love,
And sharper is my shin.
For sixty years have almost gone,
And I long for the sweet time
When the snow in the heart shall come
Of Jim of Caroline.

When Death has done his work, Juba,
And this spirit's took its flight,
I hope we'll not be sent, love,
Down into endless night;
But if we see each other there,
And the children, face to face,
Why, we'll be happy then, Juba,
In that sweet time of grace.

My Valley Home, Good-bye.

The sun from 'hind the hills was peeping,
All nature was so bright and gay,
The merry birds were nimbly leaping
With joyous bounds from tree to tree.
Such was the morning that I parted
From all on earth I held most dear—
My parents, though near broken-hearted,
Would try my gloomy thoughts to cheer.

Chorus. My valley home, good-bye, good-bye,
I'll ever think of thee—
A stranger I must live and die,
My home I'll never see.

My valley home, I loved it dearly,
No other home I wish to see—
Oh! but to part from it did grieve me;
It sheltered me in infancy.
My parents dear, I left them weeping,
'Twas sorrow choked their last farewell—
Before I die could I but greet them,
Oh! then I would my sorrow quell.

Chorus. My valley home, &c.

Oft in my dreams I see my mother,
And trace the tear-drop down her cheek
Methinks she says, My child, come hither;
Oh! where shall I my lost one seek!
Farewell! my home, the vision's fleeting,
A stranger now I'm forced to roam;
When life is o'er, above I'll meet them,
Those dear ones of my valley home.

Chorus. My valley home, &c.

We are Coming, Sister Mary.

Founded on a superstition of a portion of the coloured race, that death is forewarned in "Dream Song."

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

On a stormy night in Winter,
When the winds blew cold and wet,
I heard some strains of music
That I never can forget.
I was sleeping in the cabin
Where lived Mary, fair and young,
When a light shone in the window,
And a band of singers sung:—

Chorus. We are coming, sister Mary,
We are coming bye-and-bye;
Be you ready, sister Mary,
For the time is drawing nigh.

I tried to call my Mary,
  But my tongue would not obey
Till the song so strange had ended,
  And the singers flown away.
Then I woke her from her slumber,
  And told her ev'ry thing—
But I could not guess the meaning
  Of the song I heard them sing.

Chorus. We are coming, &c.

When the next night came, I heard them,
  And the third night too they sung,
While I sat beside the pillow
  Of my Mary fair and young.
As I watched I heard a rustling,
  Like the rustling of a wing;
And beside my Mary's pillow,
  Very soon I heard them sing:—

Chorus. We are coming, &c.

Then again I called my Mary,
  But my sorrow was complete,
For I found her heart of kindness
  Had forever ceased to beat;
And I now am very lonely,
  From Summer round to Spring,
And I oft, in midnight slumber,
  Seem to hear the same ones' sing:—

Chorus. We are coming, &c.

Old Times Come Again.

Music, with Piano Forte accompaniment, published by Hall & Son, New York.

Old times, old times, those good old times!
  When I was young and free,
I heard the tuneful village chimes
  Down by the willow-tree.

My Corrie dear, beside me,
With her hand clasped in mine,
A heart at rest within my breast,
In boyhood's happy prime.

Chorus. Sing! sing! and drown all grief and pain,
For we will never, never see
Such good old times again!

And sure my home is nothing changed;
The birds are singing still,
The flowers are springing where we ranged
Down by the old corn-mill.
The willows waving o'er me,
Still sweetly shade my frame;
But sleeping is my Corrie,
And I am not the same.

Chorus. Sing! sing! &c.

Oh! come again, ye good old times,
Sweet, sunny, fresh and clear;
And let me hear those village chimes,
And see my Corrie dear.
If I could cry forever,
My tears would be in vain,
My heart from hope must sever;—
They'll never come again!

Chorus. Sing! sing! &c.

Jim Brown's Address to his Sogers.

FELLER-CITIZENS AND BRUDDER SOGERS!—

I hab de super infilicity ob undressing a few words ob millumtary tictacs to your magnanimously insignificant and superbly extinguished corpse.

Brudder sogers! from dem days of de future *dark* ages, wat has passed down de ascending stream ob neber-to-be-forgotten oblibium, to de long-past mo-

ments ob de present time, de darkies, from whom dem coming periods took their names, was, as your illiterated mental compacities will clearly obliterate de origin, and confounders ob dat perceptible and distinctly invisible human greatness, which—to use a well-known pane-legoloram — is as clear and transparent to de opake vision, as a pellucid thousand ob de werry thickest kind ob hard-baked bricks——

Pompey. Dat's berry good—fust-rate!

Julius. Yes; I like dem bricks; dey hits me right in de eye, and I sees clearly t'rough dat portion ob de argument—go on, General Brown.

Brown. Brudder sogers, I am——

Julius. Dat's fust-rate—dat's it, hurrah!

Brown. What do you applause for dere? Jes wait till I git t'rough!

Pompey. Hurry up de cakes!

Julius. Go ahead, General!

Brown. Brudder sogers, dere am no 'casion for me to consummate your misspent time, by calling on you for your imbecile attention!

Julius. Dat's a fac'!

Brown. Yes, it am — as de great poet so sublimely and ridiculously expresses it—

> Brebity am de *sole* ob wit,
> And tediousness am de ole *heel*-taps
> An' busted upper-ledders—

derefore, I will be brief.

Julius. Go on, I'se done!

Brown. Has you—den jes close dat coal-mine wat's excavated in your head, dat you call a mouf, till I'm done, too!

Julius. Go on, General, I'se satisfied wid your appology.

Brown. Fellow-sogers—let me compress upon your detrimental incapacities, de justly celebrated speech ob Captain Julicus Cæsar, wot he made to Ensighn-General Napoleon Bonaparte, when he succombed to, and vanquished Pompey de Great at de immemorial Battle ob de Nile—which, you know, gem'en and scholars, was fought among dem wonders ob de vegetable world

—de "Egyptian Pyramids," at de summit ob de walley ob de inexcusable Alps—dese was dem berry dientical words—"It will neber do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown!"

Sogers. Hurrah!

Julius. What made him call Napoleon Mr. Brown?

Brown. 'Case, 'cordin' to de best transplanters ob de Hitalian, Mr. Brown is short for Bonaparte.

Julius. Yes, yes, dat's a fact—

Brown. Brudder sogers—to perpetrate de words ob Sergeant Rolla—my brave associates—partners in my songs, my banjo and my bones—can Jim Brown's words add wigor to de energies which surprise your hearts?

All. No! Dem oder chaps follow (when dey don't absquatulate) a leader what dey doesn't like—we serbe a general we adore. Tell Santa Anna this, and tell him too, we want no change 'from him,' (case if we did, he ain't got none to gib us)—so we will call de roll, and put it down to his account.

Brown sings:—

I am a scienced darkie, my name's Jim Brown,
I used to play de banjo all around de town.
I heard de foe was sassy, and went to lend a hand,
And instead of musicianers, I led a fighting band.
I heard de bullets whistle, so I cut de gunner down,
And all de boys dey hollered out, "Dat chap's done Brown!"

I fought at Buena Vista, on the well-remembered day,
When Columbia lost her noble son, the daring Colonel Clay.
With glory crowned, he nobly died, and gallantly he fell;
While few of dose who butchered him, were left the tale to tell—
A bullet from a steady aim, laid half a dozen down,
And p'raps dat musket wasn't owned by ole Jim Brown.

I was down to Sarah Gordo, I shan't forget de day—
Twas de one when Santa Anna, like a hero, run away

He went at such a rate, for fear de boys should find him,
That he left his dinner, papers, and his wooden-leg behind him.
If I had caught de gem'an, I guess I'd had some fun;
I'd had a piece ob paper signed, ole Bem, Bam, Bum.

Dere's music in de horse-shoe, an' in de tin pan—
Music in dese darkies which you must understand;
Dere's music in de pot, music in de kettle,
Music in de knife and fork, when you eat your wictual;
Music in de corn-cob biling on de fire,
Music in dis darkey—ole Virginny nebber tire!

THE END.

Annie Lyle
Stonewall Jackson's Way

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Alex Reynolds
atty at Law
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St. Charles

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28th February

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Attorney at Law 29th February

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